

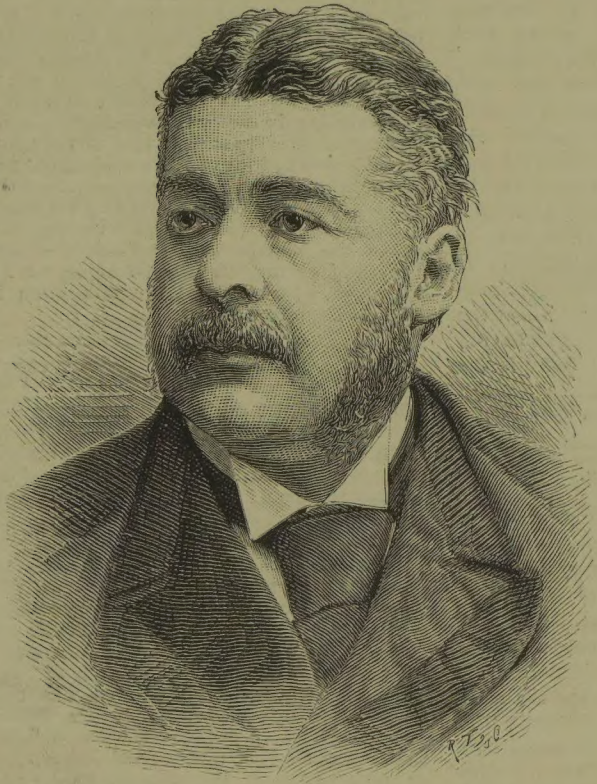
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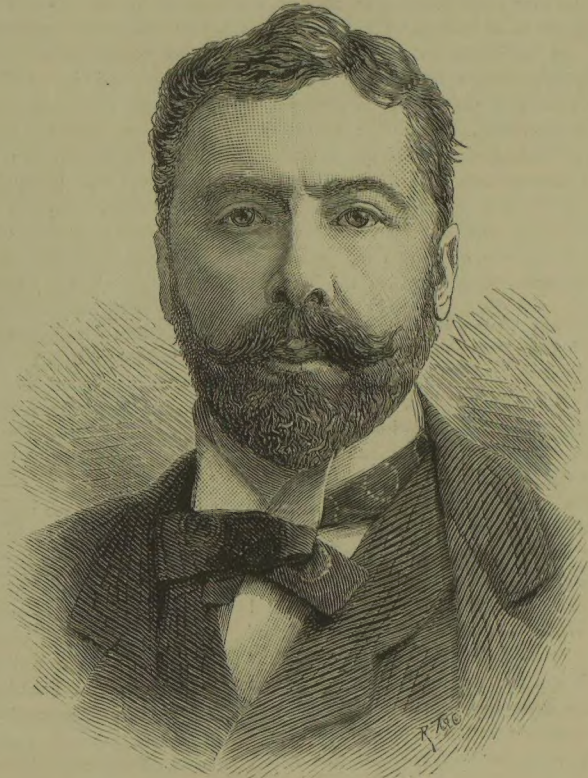
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

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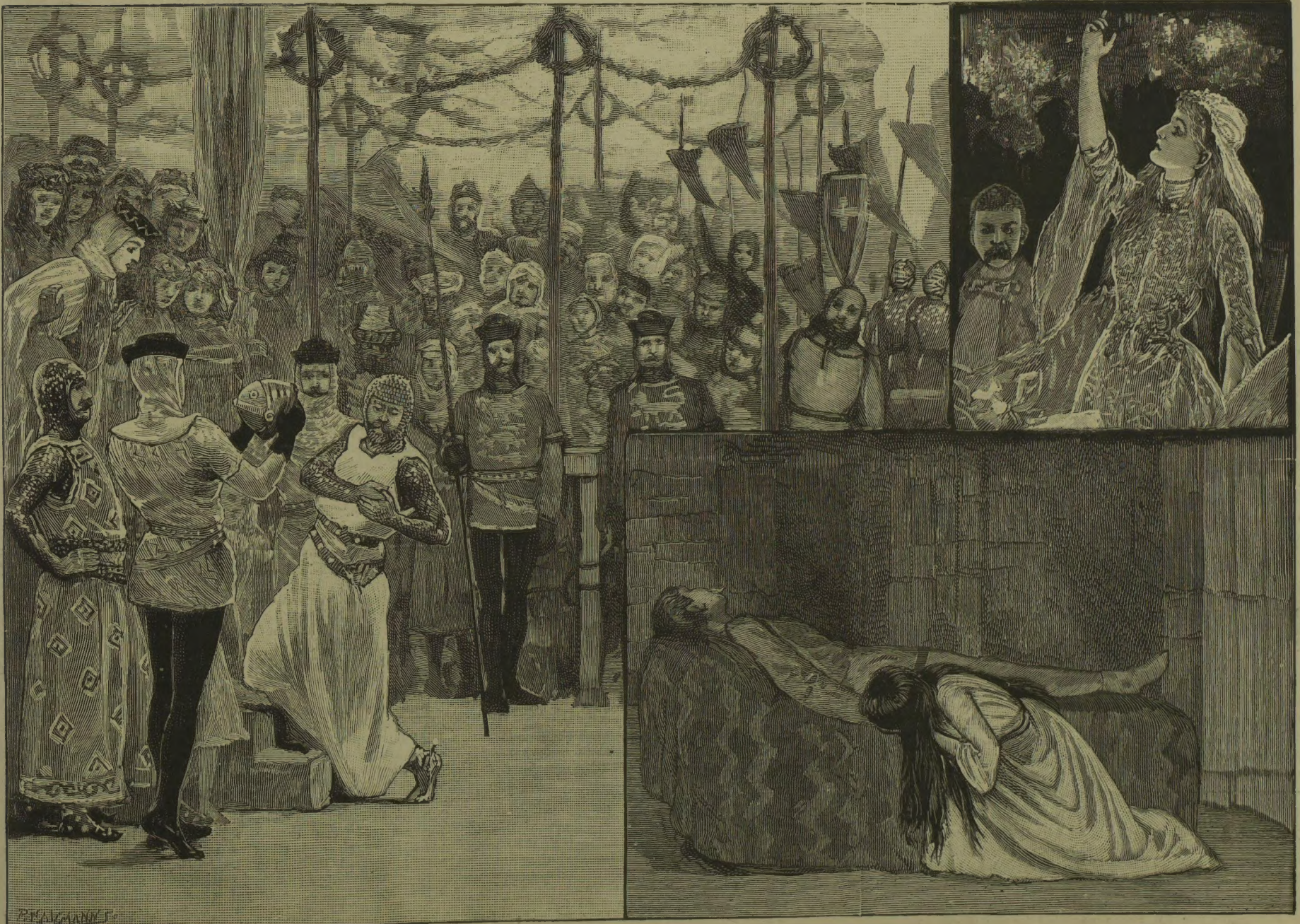
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THE END OF THE TOURNAMENT.



MR. D'OYLY CARTE.

REBECCA ACCEPTING THE TEMPLAR'S CHALLENGE
TO IVANHOE.



REBECCA AND IVANHOE.

SCENES FROM THE NEW OPERA OF "IVANHOE."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A medical authority at Nice has given it as his opinion, "based upon observations upon the numerous young couples who resort thither for their honeymoons," that people marry because they "resemble one another." So far as they go, this gentleman's conclusions may be correct, but they are drawn from a very limited area. It is quite possible that couples who pass their honeymoons at Nice are very much alike—and very like the other couples. There is a certain conventional likeness about all newly married persons of a certain rank, but it is not greater than that which exists among the same class who are not married. The association of ideas—from their always being seen together for a week or two—may intensify the impression of similarity, but that is all. The same thing may be noticed in our own Lake district, where "neogams," all well-to-do, are found in great numbers. Youth, tolerably good looks, fine clothes, an unusual (if short-lived) expression of happiness, are attributes which, when in common, are sufficient to give the idea of similitude. The 251 photographs which have been "carefully selected" to illustrate this *savans*' view can corroborate it only to this extent. The whole subject is much too stupendous to be dealt with in such an offhand fashion. Hitherto, indeed, the opinion of our social philosophers upon the matter has been a precisely opposite one. It is much less usual, they say, for a man to seek his like than his opposite. Stout men marry tall women, dark men blondes, and even learned men, as a rule, prefer women who are not devoted to the 'ologies. For—

He was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine,

is, at least, as true of Love as of Friendship. And yet why men and women "elect their affinities," or, in more vulgar language, select their partners for life, is probably neither because they are alike nor unlike, but for some reason known only to themselves. Let the cynics say what they will, the majority of our marriages are, more or less, "for love": it is only in very high stations indeed that they are arranged for us by persons older and wiser. A charming example of the frankness used in such cases is furnished by the social Philosopher of Strawberry Hill. The marriage of a lady of his acquaintance was settled by two noble Lords, one for her and one for her husband. When the settlement and jointure have been arranged for, one Peer ingenuously observes, "It ought to be mentioned that there is a little spice of madness on our side." "There is also some on ours," replies the other, drily.

A School for Novelists, I read, is about to open in the United States, with a lady at the head of it. If they take rather old boys, I should like to join it. The only educational establishment in which my merits found any recognition was a Dame's school, and perhaps this may happen again. The prizes were not books, but cards—not, of course, hearts and diamonds, but cards like those monumental ones sent as "the only intimation" by surviving relatives, except that they were of a gayer colour, and had a perforated edging twined with blue silk. Instead of the name of the deceased, or of the prize-winner, was the line, "For exemplary conduct." This want of personal reference made it transferable, though not intended to be so, and I have known one of these certificates of good behaviour to be sold, for an orange and a piece of hardbake, to anything but an exemplary boy, for exhibition in the home circle. I hope the School for Novelists will be better managed. Beginners will be taught everything; spelling, style, local colour (without going to see the place), use and abuse of italics, and the employment of the parenthesis; the delineation of physical beauty in a paragraph; the art of preserving it with consistency (so that the heroine should not be a brunette in one chapter, and a blonde in another); the utilisation of crime, and the production of catastrophes; but novelists of repute will also be received (as parlour boarders) and instructed in those branches of their profession which they have hitherto neglected. Native story-tellers will be supplied with little plots till they have got accustomed to them on a three-volume scale, while English authors will be taught to appreciate the enormous influence on civilisation of the travelling girl. It is even suggested that those mature writers who have "forgotten all about making love" should receive instruction from capable professors of the other sex, and be turned out (so to speak) as good as new. Terms are not mentioned in the prospectus, but, if they are within his means, it seems to me no author ought to hesitate (from the sense of what is due to his public) to embrace this charming proposal.

The well-known writer John Hampden, who, with the dauntless perseverance of his historical namesake, and in the face of even greater difficulties, so long contended that the Earth was a plane, has passed from among us. He had the courage of his opinions, and backed them, on one occasion, to the amount of £500—the question to be decided by certain experiments on the Bedford Level: the adjudication was against him, but left him more fully fixed in his original opinion than ever. His attacks on the *savans* were of that bitter and denunciating kind that has always been associated with dogma, but which, proceeding from a heretic, had a certain burlesque originality. He seems to have thought that there was a universal conspiracy on the part of all persons of education, including the conductors of the Press, to mislead the public upon the question of the rotundity of the Globe. Although he had no backers save his friend "Parallax," a good deal of sympathy was, without doubt, secretly felt for him. The common wonders of science are not really accepted by the world at large with the facile faith with which it is credited, only, the simpler people are, the less they like to be laughed at. When they see

The first beam glittering on the sail
That brings their friends up from the under world,

and not upon the hull, they accept for the moment the evidence of their senses, which "Hampden" did not ("sail or hull, the earth is not round," he said; "that's flat"); but when they attempt to picture their friends on the under world, feet to feet to themselves, and still sticking on to it upside down, their imagination fails them. They are Hampdenites. Whist-players belong to "the classes," yet half of them believe in their hearts that, when they have won the first game, the odds on their winning the rubber are only two to one. The usual betting (five to two) is the result of a compromise between demonstrable fact and natural conviction.

To the student of human nature nothing is more interesting than the secret doubts entertained by thousands (who are yet by no means "the million") of what seem to be the universally accepted discoveries of Science. So far from sympathising with their difficulties, the *savans* themselves seem to take pleasure in increasing them by artificial means, though they smile at the similarly complicated inventions of theology. For abstruse phenomena they delight in giving still more inexplicable reasons. The explanation of earthquakes, as supplied by Pythagoras, for example, was the proceedings of "a synod of ghosts assembled underground"; while a much more recent philosopher (under the mistaken impression that he was simplifying matters) has suggested that the principle of life may have come down in an aërolite, wrapped in moss, as for the parcel post. The familiar treatment of scientific subjects, though outwardly acquiesced in by the general public, is in reality felt to be offensive. "Is not the mean temperature a sufficiently harassing subject," inquires one of them pathetically, "without the gentleman who discourses on meteorology in the papers having an 'adapted mean temperature' of his own? Why is the barometer with him 'a barometer reduced,' as though (through hunger, perhaps) he has tamed this servant of the elements?" Now that "Hampden" has gone, one feels that a certain honest incredulity has lost its spokesman.

A prescription popular with doctors, and often (which is not usual) with their patients also, is a "complete change." They tell us to get out of the groove in which every one of us is, more or less, working (even those who only play), and try a new mode of life altogether. It need not be a better, nor even a more wholesome one. "If you get drunk once a week—for a week—it would be a good thing for you," said an eminent member of the Faculty, the other day, to perhaps the most respectable of men—but it must be an entirely different life. New scenes, new company, new climate, are all component parts of the medicine recommended. The fact of the remedies proposed being, in nine cases out of ten, out of reach of the patient does not at all hinder the prescription being given, but what it does hinder is its being taken. By great good fortune—looked at from the standpoint of the general good—I have recently discovered that this desirable experience can be enjoyed by any one of us at an expense which, when compared with that of foreign travel and other disbursements connected with the advice in question, is slight indeed. You have only got to catch a cold—one of the easiest things in the world—and then (which is the easiest) to neglect it: in twenty-four hours you have developed bronchitis, and there you are. Of course you must decline to go to bed, and get worse, and then be downright ill, but everything is now tending to the goal in view. When you have been about three weeks (which seems half your whole existence) shut out from the world, from which only the faintest echoes have reached you; when you have been buried alive, I say, for that period, and have just escaped being buried in the more usual manner, you begin to convalesce, and then it is that you reap the advantages of your plan. Day by day you experience what appears to be a new life, though it is but the faint foreshadowing of the old one you have almost forgotten. You are introduced, as it seems, for the first time, to that "pleasing anxious" state of existence from which you have been so long withdrawn. Your first drive in the closed carriage, through the once familiar streets, is the most complete change—in thought, in feeling, in observation—that it is possible to picture: every vehicle, every passenger, the very advertisements on the walls have an interest for you they never before possessed. You are like one risen from the dead, who has been permitted to see how matters have progressed in the world since he departed from it. It is the cheapest and completest change that any man can take—unless, indeed, his bronchitis happens to take the turn that leads downhill instead of towards recovery, when the prescription is carried out to the very letter!

A cynical Londoner, recently returned from a visit to various seaside resorts, records his opinion that things are not quite as they seem there. He acknowledges that they have more sunshine than we have in town, but denies that their climate is any warmer; they have less fog, but quite as much frost, and he maintains that all the evidence they offer to the contrary is "got up" and untrustworthy. As to the facts put forward by the Boards of Health in the localities in question, he has only to say that it strikes him as curious that the death-rate should keep (he writes "be kept") so uncommonly low in places where persons in advanced stages of disease notoriously congregate; but the point on which he has still graver doubts is concerning the genuineness of "the crowds who sit out on our noble esplanade, to hear the band play, in weather that elsewhere is not unjustly described as Arctic." He claims to have given considerable attention to these persons—at first under the impression that they were lunatics—and he has come to the conclusion that they are not what they profess to be. They are real enough; composed of flesh and blood, though in an advanced state of congelation; but they are not examples of the mildness of the climate, as they would have us believe. He believes them to be hired by the municipalities to puff it. They appear and disappear on the esplanade precisely at the same hour. They never speak to one another. At one time he imagined them to be automatic, cunningly devised to move in company, till he heard one of them say to himself, "My time is up!" when they all retired in a body. They stare out to sea, whether there

is anything on it or not; and they never give anything to the band. These details, all corroborative of our correspondent's view of the case, are strengthened by the reflection that nobody would sit out in the open air in such weather unless he was paid for it. What, it is true, militates against it is that persons should be found to play such very small dramatic rôles; but our marine municipalities are rich, and doubtless make it worth their while. Moreover, from a recent advertisement in a theatrical paper, it seems that some actors are exceedingly modest about the parts they are prepared to play. "Mr. Blank, disengaged, for small parts, as dead bodies, mobs, processions, outside shouts, &c." A seaside "super" would be at least upon a level with an "outside shout."

There is no copyright, other than a moral one, in an apothegm (if one only knows how to spell it), but, at the same time, it is rather a cool thing to appropriate the condensation of the wisdom of ages as one's private property, in the hope that your audience may never have heard of it. It is an outrage that takes place oftener in the country than in town, because apophthegms (I wonder whether I really have got it right?) are less common among the urban population; they use slang instead of saws; but in the agricultural districts one sometimes hears a remark so full of old-fashioned humour and good sense that it is quite a disappointment to have some friend of the speaker whispering in your ear, "That is not Jack's, of course: it is a saying we have in Loamshire." Now the other day I heard an apophthegm, not in Loamshire, which left me with a very exalted idea of the gentleman who uttered it. We were talking of the medical profession, and he observed of it, "There is a great difference between a good doctor and a bad one, but very little between a good doctor and none at all." The cynicism of the remark was deplorable, but its intelligence was indisputable. "That is a man in a thousand," I thought to myself. I hope he is, for I now find that the sentiment which excited my admiration is to be found in Arthur Young's "Travels."

HOME NEWS.

The Queen will hold Drawingrooms at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, March 4, and on Friday, March 13, at three o'clock. After a three-weeks stay at Florence, her Majesty will probably go to Darmstadt for a few days, on a visit to the Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who represented the Queen at the funeral of Prince Baldwin, has returned to England.

The opening of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new opera-house on Jan. 31 has excited unusual interest, on account alike of the beauty of the building and the first production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe." T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present, the Princess of Wales having come from Sandringham for the purpose. Mr. Henry Chaplin may be said to have represented the Government, Mr. Justice Jeune and Sir Charles Russell the legal profession. Mr. Frederic Cowen, Signor Tosti, Sir George Grove, and Mme. Albani recall three or four names of the musical world, while all around we observed Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Ellen Terry, and numbers of other people whose occupations it might have been thought would have kept them elsewhere. Sir Frederick Leighton was there, and Mr. Burnand, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mr. Pinero. Indeed, it was not easy to recall a "celebrity" who was not actually to be found in the stalls of the Royal English Opera House on this opening evening. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted in person, and the opera, described elsewhere in our columns, was generally accepted as an entire success, although considerable misgiving was expressed as to whether there was a sufficiently large English public prepared night after night to spend fifteen shillings for a seat.

The Marquis of Salisbury has returned to town from Hatfield, and will be in residence at Arlington-street until Easter. The Prime Minister was sixty-one years of age on Feb. 3.

At the Feast of the Purification, on Feb. 2, the Dean of Peterborough was consecrated in Westminster Abbey to the see of Worcester, and Prebendary Walsh to that of Mauritius, both vacant by the resignation of Bishops Philpott and Royston. The Archbishop of Canterbury celebrated the Holy Communion, and Archdeacon Farrar preached an eloquent sermon, in which he referred to the magnificent comprehensiveness of the Church of England, and quoted a striking passage from the Bishop of Derby, "one of the best, ablest, and most eloquent of living preachers," as to the duty of the Church to the masses, which socially have to be ameliorated and religiously have to be vitally reached. On Feb. 5 the Rev. Robert Gregory was installed as Dean of St. Paul's.

The Duke of Westminster, presiding at a meeting in support of the Church House scheme, said he believed that the foundation-stone would be laid in the spring. The cost of the first part of the new building would be £35,000, and they had already paid for the site.

Mr. Gladstone has, it is said, conveyed some assurances to the anti-Parnellites which satisfy them on the open questions in the new Home Rule Bill, and which are said to have given Mr. Parnell an excuse for retirement, which, however, will not include the abandonment of his seat in the House. On their side a section of the Opposition profess distrust of the situation, which is becoming painfully embarrassing to men like Sir William Harcourt, who are bitterly opposed to holding any terms with the ex-leader of the Nationalists. The Parnellites, on the other hand, continue to stump Ireland, while the priests are energetically canvassing it on behalf of Mr. McCarthy's following. Mr. McCarthy, however, declares that a settlement is imminent, and that the Irish movement will be reunited in form if not in fact.

At a banquet given to the Marquis of Hartington on Feb. 3 by the Liberal Union Club, the chair was taken by Professor Dicey, and about 320 prominent politicians were present, including Sir Henry James, M.P., Baron F. de Rothschild, M.P., Lord Stalbridge, and Lord Northbrook. In the course of his speech Lord Hartington expressed the opinion that the life and the spirit had gone out of the Home Rule Party in Parliament, and that sooner or later it will be extinguished also on the platform and at the polling-booth.

The attempt some ten years ago to light the City of London by electricity ended in failure through the imperfections of the earlier systems of illumination. A more thorough and effective scheme has now been definitely decided upon, the Lord Mayor having laid the first stone of the main junction-box near the Mansion House on Feb. 3. The City has been divided by the Commissioners of Sewers into three sections, and the contracts provide for the lighting of every street, lane, court, and alley, partly by arc lamps and partly by glow lamps. It is estimated that the cost to the City, when the work is fully completed, will not very much exceed £20,000 per annum, and for this sum the Commissioners anticipate that about twenty times the illuminating power at present obtained from gas will be secured.

STARTING A NEWSPAPER.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Starting a newspaper has been described often enough in novels to set up an erroneous idea of what generally happens. Of course, it is possible to start a newspaper romantically, and it has been done. The romantic way is to begin with what is hoped will prove memorable scenes. There is a dinner, or series of dinners, cabinet councils around a lavishly furnished table: the wines most choice, the coffee most black, the cigars what they generally are on such occasions—a kind of tobacco which somehow changes in carriage from the superlatively good to the pretty fair. The guests, all contributor-councillors, are as carefully selected, and, for the most part, "go off" a little in the same mysterious way by the time they come to table. Yet, should there be a novelist present, or any resolutely imaginative diarist, the scene and the personages that figure in it have an extremely good chance of being chronicled in language corresponding with the rosy preconceptions of the editor-host. "At one end of the table sat the proprietor, a man as distinguished for respectability as for wealth. Cigar in mouth, his thumbs comfortably tucked into the armholes of his vast waistcoat, his broad open countenance beamed with silent pleasure as he watched the lightning play of wit and genius about him. At the other end sat the editor, his somewhat sombre and saturnine features illumined by the inspiration of the hour, and displaying from time to time, in some swift-flashing sequence of words, the depth and keenness of his well-trained judgment. A. was there—elegant, negligent, witty as Præd. B.'s grand Teutonic head and stern granitic face was seen side by side with the dreamy sweetness of D.'s countenance. And yet it was B. whose rollicking verses (will 'The Curate's Canary' ever be forgotten?) drowned the table in laughter, while D.'s vitriolic epigram—well, we know what that was, delivered with the lisp of a child from the lips of a woman. It was a wonderful evening! And, as the small hours advanced"—&c. Thus the resolutely imaginative observer; but, to let the reader into a secret, the reality of the romantic way of starting a newspaper is not so Olympian as this. These feasts of the gods are pretty much like other feasts where good nature and good sense prevail. Gushings of soul and flashings of wit are carefully subdued, as of "the shop," and, when the Able Editor shows his latest guest out of the house, it surprises him to find how little he has advanced toward starting his paper. What did his poet enlarge upon most?—the original introduction of the cockroach into England! What, his profoundest politician?—the exasperating inferiority of Irish bacon!

The plain way of going about the business is a very plain way indeed. Here you proceed throughout by a variety of independent overtures and bargainings, with which wine and song and roses have nothing whatever to do. Beginning and ending without illusion, it is equally beset with sudden obstacle, swarms with midget miseries, abounds with afflictions like to that of him whose naked feet come down not once but many times on "the business end of a tenpenny nail." By this way I have recently fared, for the third time, and am limping yet. That "first number," which is scanned in ten minutes and read in an hour, does it look as if its production could keep an experienced hand in a torment of worry for a fortnight? No! But it does; and if, instead of being a simple weekly Review, which can be confided to any good printer for that part of the business, it should be a morning paper, an evening paper, or a journal like the noble sheet in which these lines appear—months do not exhaust the fret of baffled endeavour in matters mechanical alone, or little more than mechanical. Some there are who say that the periodical Press is an invention of the Devil; others, that there is nothing the Devil is more afraid of. Either opinion can be held by the man who starts a newspaper, for it becomes perfectly clear to him that some supernatural power is at work to vex the enterprise, and of course it is impossible to know for certain which or what it is. If, however, we may trust the instinctive cry of Nature in the human breast, it is the Power of Darkness which interferes, at all hours and at all points, with the office establishment, the paper-making, the printing machinery, the publishing arrangements—the everything! everything! for that spontaneous cry invariably is, "The devil's in it!"

But man, vile man—and woman, dear delightful woman—play their part too. Nobody can be made to understand that the most important thing on earth at the moment is the starting of your newspaper; but yet ten thousand people are individually and impressively certain that without their assistance as publishers, assistant publishers, advertising agents, canvassers, sub-editors, reviewers, writers on politics, on the turf, on the drama, on the latest fashions, on the Church and the World, you can never get on. These ladies and gentlemen deluge you with letters, heap your table with manuscripts (mostly illegible, to show that their authors are no amateurs), telegraph that they will call at half past three o'clock precisely, fight their way into your room, and will not go away till you have heard their views on Imperial Federation, or consented to advertise your paper in that influential organ the *Barking Creek Chronicle and Isle of Dogs Gazette*. Though your publisher has gone distracted three days before his time, and though a strike and a fire menace your paper-supply at the last moment, you cannot shut out this swarm of petty vexations. Humanity forbids. Those letters must be answered, those dingy manuscripts must be read; for at least half as many poor scribes are anxiously awaiting a reply, and they belong to a race that keenly feels neglect. It is a nuisance when a young gentleman comes swaggering in upon your last broken morsels of leisure, to tell you in a haughty voice that he is willing to give you the benefit of his services if the terms suit him; but beneath the swagger you see the lad's covering anxiety, and how can you turn him out in a minute, or abruptly quench the hope of a five-shilling commission in the breast of the *Barking Creek* canvasser? Or, when a beautiful young lady, beautifully dressed, sails in, and will be so lively and chatty for an hour or two, whether you appoint her to the *on dit* department or not, what is to be done but to muse patiently on the peace that will be in the grave? These troubles must be endured, but oh! the number of them, great and small!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. JUSTICE JEUNE.

The new Judge of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, Sir Francis Henry Jeune, is the eldest son of the late Bishop of Peterborough. He was born in 1844, and was educated at Harrow, and at Balliol College, Oxford, obtaining a First Class in Classical Moderations in 1863 and a First in *Literæ Humaniores* in 1865, also two University prizes for historical essays—the Stanhope in 1863 and the Arnold in 1867. He was some time a Fellow of Hertford College. Having been called at the Inner Temple in November 1868, he was made a Queen's Counsel in 1888. He

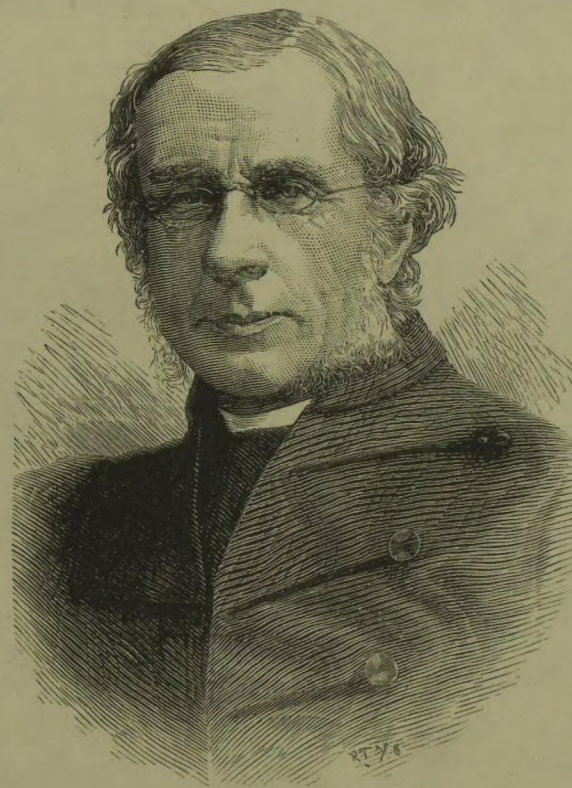


MR. JUSTICE JEUNE.

was often engaged in commons and right-of-way cases, and was junior counsel for the Claimant in the civil action for the Tichborne estates. He held the appointments of Chancellor of the dioceses of Durham, Peterborough, Gloucester and Bristol, St. Albans, Bangor, St. David's, and St. Asaph, Commissary to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and an official of the archdeacons of Essex and Surrey; he assisted in the well-known Sandwich Election inquiry, and was a member of the Royal Commission on the Ecclesiastical Courts in 1882. In 1880 he unsuccessfully contested Colchester in the Conservative interest.

THE LATE DEAN PLUMPTRE.

The Very Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells, who died on Feb. 1, was a literary scholar and writer of distinguished accomplishments. Born in 1821, and educated at University College, Oxford, he obtained a double first, and graduated B.A. in 1844. He immediately became a Fellow of Brasenose College. Three years later he was ordained Priest,



THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN PLUMPTRE.

and was appointed Chaplain at King's College, London, being afterwards elected to the Chair of Pastoral Theology at that institution. For seven years he was assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1863 was appointed to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1869 the Archbishop of Canterbury presented him to the living of Pluckley, in Kent, which he exchanged in 1873 for that of Bickley. He held appointments as preacher and lecturer at Oxford, and was principal of Queen's College, Harley-street, for two years dating from 1875. He was also a member of the committee appointed to revise the authorised version of the Old Testament. In 1881 he was installed Dean of Wells. Among his literary works are translations of the plays of Sophocles and Æschylus, the "Divine Comedy," and the sonnets of Dante; "Lazarus," and other poems; commentaries on the Bible, volumes of sermons and studies in theology; and his "Life and Letters of Bishop Ken," published in 1888.

FUNERAL OF PRINCE BALDWIN OF FLANDERS.

The death of Prince Baldwin, son of the Count of Flanders, and nephew and heir-presumptive of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, was noticed in our last, with the expression of sincere regret which it occasioned at Brussels and everywhere in that Kingdom. The funeral, on Thursday, Jan. 29, was an imposing ceremonial, of which our Special Artist furnishes several illustrations. While the body of the young Prince lay in state at the Palace of the Count of Flanders, numerous visitors were admitted, signing their names, and mourning-wreaths were brought in profusion, among others those given by the officers of different regiments in the Belgian Army.

On the day of the funeral, at half past ten, a procession set forth from that Palace to the Cathedral Church of St. Gudule. It was preceded by detachments of troops from several regiments of cavalry and infantry, the band of the Grenadier Guards playing a funeral march, and the colours being swathed in crape. Clergymen of all the parishes in the city, attired in their capes and cassocks, and the members of the Prince's household, in deep mourning, walked before the coffin. This was borne, from the Palace to St. Gudule, by non-commissioned officers of the regiments in the Brussels garrison: the pall was held by the Presidents of the two Chambers, the Ministers of War, Justice, and Finance, and one General of the Army. The coffin was of rosewood, with silver ornaments; upon it were laid the Prince's sword and uniform. Behind it walked the Royal mourners—King Leopold, with Prince Henry of Prussia on his right hand, the Count of Flanders and his young son, Prince Albert, on his left; then Prince Henry of Battenberg, representing Queen Victoria, and the Princes of Saxony and Saxe-Coburg. His Majesty and all the Princes were in full uniform. The chief mourners were followed by the Ministers, and by members of the Senate and Chamber of Representatives, Generals of the Army, with their staffs, and Court officials. Finally came the funeral car, in which the body of the dead Prince was to be conveyed to its last resting-place in the crypt of the Church at Laeken. The car, which was drawn by six horses with black trappings, led by footmen clad in mourning liveries, was covered with magnificent wreaths of flowers. It was pyramidal in shape, each gradation piled with flowers, and the whole surmounted by a baldachin. State carriages, two with six horses caparisoned in black for the members of the Royal family, and eight for the foreign representatives, followed the car, and the procession closed with a squadron of cavalry.

The Cathedral was reached, where the Cardinal Bishop of Mechlin, with other ecclesiastics, in full canonicals, received the coffin at the door. It was laid on a catafalque in the chancel, illuminated with many burning tapers, and guarded by students of the Military College. The King and Princes occupied seats in the choir during the religious service, but his Majesty knelt some moments before the altar. The coffin was then removed to the funeral car, while the King and other mourners entered the State carriages, and the procession started for Laeken, a distance of two miles and a half, the canopy over the funeral car being held by twenty-four soldiers. Arriving at Laeken about two o'clock, the coffin was brought into the church, where the religious service was concluded; and the coffin was then deposited in the Royal vault of the crypt, the King, the Count of Flanders, and the foreign Princes, with the Ministers of State, and the officiating clergy, attending the final act. While the procession traversed the streets it was everywhere greeted with respectful sympathy by great crowds of people.

RAEBURN'S PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Visitors to the Guelph Exhibition have been struck by the well-arranged group of literary portraits. They serve to remind us how singularly rich was the Georgian era in men whose mark has been scarcely less impressed upon their own age than upon ours. Among such men it would be difficult to deny to Sir Walter Scott the foremost place. The three generations which Shelley demanded as a test of immortality have more than elapsed, and we find the novels, the creations, the life-history of Scott debated with an ardour which is withheld from popular writers of a more recent date. The publication of the Scott Journal the other day emphasised what Lockhart's biography had taught the world half a century earlier—the singular nobility of the man. The constant reissue of the novels, the discussions as to their relative importance, and the reproduction of "Ivanhoe" as an opera, mark, as it were, a rush of literary popularity at the close of the century scarcely second to that which secured for him the title of "Wizard of the North" and "Great Unknown" at its opening. Scott will live for us first of all as a supremely great story-teller, and he will live with not less enduring fame as a singularly noble and high-minded man of letters. It was said of another great man by a caustic critic that he was a good man of the worst type. Sir Walter Scott, every reader of his letters and journals will allow, was a good man of the best type. Generous-hearted and brave, serenely unspoiled by good fortune and by bad, he is assuredly worthy of all the homage which not only the English-speaking race but the whole civilised world has so long conceded to him.

Sir Henry Raeburn painted four portraits of Scott, of which the one presented is the property of the Baroness Burdett-Couts.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: "Ivanhoe," the late General Sir Leicester Smyth, Mr. Stamford Raffles, and M. Meissonier, "My Danish Sweetheart," From the Thames to Siberia, Oxford Union Smoking-Room, the late Mr. C. Bradlaugh, Dreams, Monkey Highway Robber, Queensbury Jubilee Hall, New Burmah Regiments, Vienna People's Kitchens.

Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P., is slowly progressing; but he is still confined to his bed, and it will be some time before he is able to leave town for necessary rest previous to resuming his Parliamentary duties.

Mr. John Dixon, the Tyneside engineer, through whose ingenuity "Cleopatra's Needle" was brought to this country, died on Jan. 25, at his villa, High Towers, East Croydon, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six.

Our Portrait of the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street; also that of Miss Lucile Hill; the portrait of the late Dean Plumptre, from one by Messrs. Elliott and Fry; that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, by Walery, Regent-street; that of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, by the same photographer; the portrait of Mr. Justice Jeune, by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street; that of the late Mr. T. Stamford Raffles, by Messrs. Mowl and Morris, Liverpool; that of Miss Esther Palliser, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street; and that of Mr. Ben Davies, by Mr. Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker-street.

"IVANHOE."

First impressions of a new opera are always vague, and often ludicrously disproportionate to the real value of the work. Berlioz—and no more brilliant critic of music ever lived—confesses that, meeting Meyerbeer behind the scenes after the first dress rehearsal of "Les Huguenots," all he could find to say to the composer was, "There is a chorus in your fourth Act which, *I dare say*, will prove effective." That cool "*I dare say*" about the famous "Bénédiction des Poignards" now reads very queerly. Well, the candid critic will take refuge in a good many guarded "*dare says*" this week about the "Ivanhoe" music, which posterity (if posterity cares to read our musical criticisms—a point, if there be anything in the theory of human progress, highly doubtful) may possibly find absurdly short of the mark. Wherefore the discreet man would ask leave to keep his first impressions to himself. But that cannot be. It could not be, even so early as last Saturday night. Hardly was the curtain down on the Tournament scene of the first Act when the inevitable first-nighter fastened on his prey with the inevitable question: "Well, what do you think of it?" This type of man is born to be a premature catechist, as the critic, his victim, is born to be an unwilling catechumen. "Well, my dears," was Mr. Pecksniff's cheery breakfast salutation to his daughters, who had reached town late overnight, "what do you think of London?" Those daughters have had children, who resemble their grandfather, and now go about in the lobby at first nights seeking whom they may devour. So, to be rid of them once for all, I make them a present of the admission that, up to the present moment, my dominant impression of the "Ivanhoe" music is that it is the right thing in the right place. Mr. Carte's gorgeous new theatre is an English



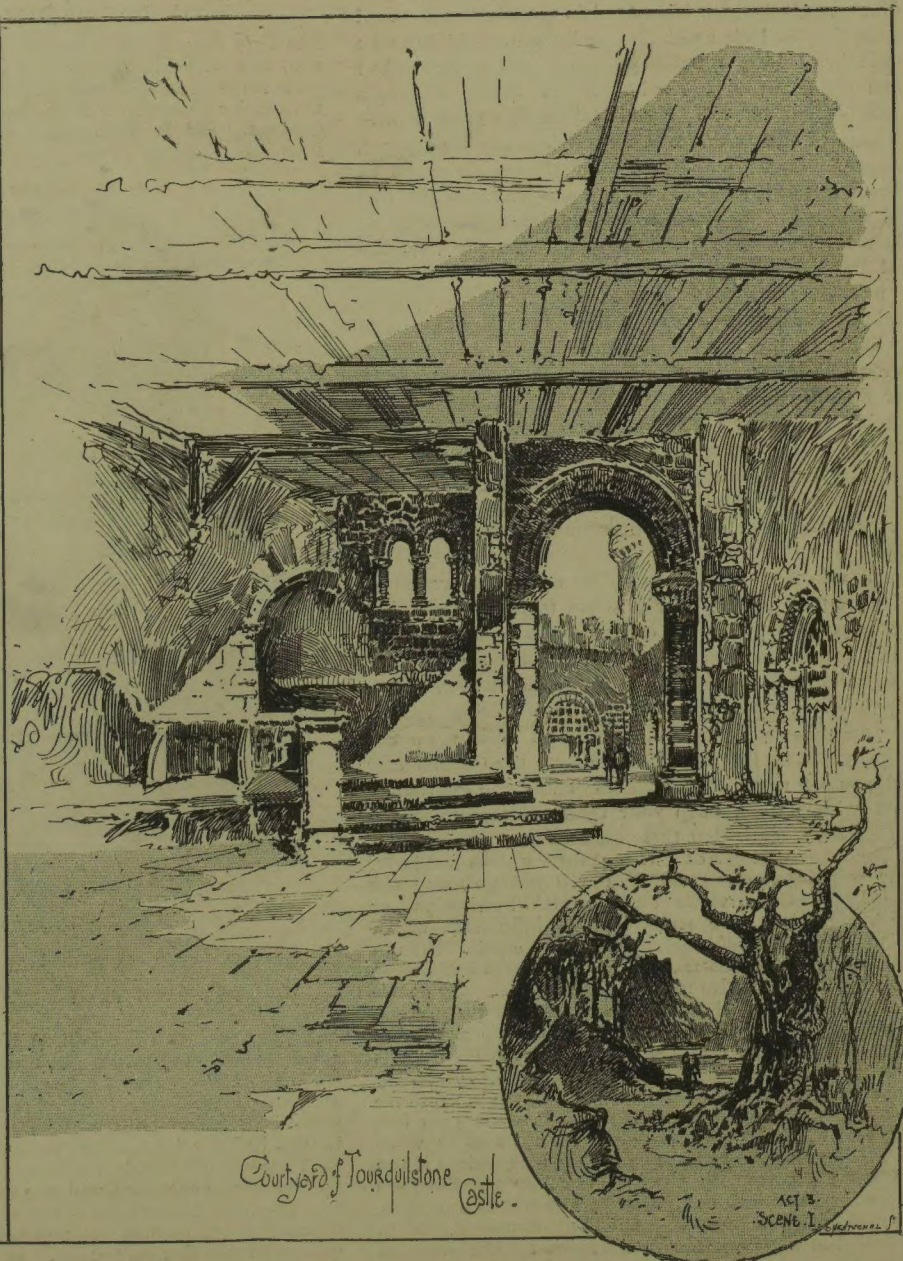
THE STORMING OF TORQUILSTONE CASTLE.

Opera House; there is set forth on its stage a story which is the inalienable birth-right of every Englishman; and the story is told to music which is, above and before everything, English. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations—Wagner exhorting him to be unmelodious and to transfer what tunes he may have from the performers' mouths to the orchestra, Gounod whispering him to leave all and follow "Faust," Verdi and Ponchielli inviting him to be that "devil incarnate, an Englishman Italianate"—Sir Arthur Sullivan remains an Englishman. How could it be otherwise? Even in his youth Sir Arthur was never the least bit of a *weenomaniac*; he has always been among the musical stay-at-homes; and now he is come to that stage when a man's style, for better or worse, is set. Of course, he has not altogether escaped foreign influences. His orchestration would probably not have shown the breadth and variety it does show had, say, the "*Meistersinger*" not been written; nor should we have had quite the same quaintness of Oriental colouring in Rebecca's prayer in Act ii., if there had been no Temple of Isis scene in "*Aida*"; and other instances of reminiscence might be detected, if one cared to pursue so profitless a line of investigation. But, on the whole, the opera is original, and, as I have said—it cannot too often be said—English.

So much for the music in the lump. Examining it in detail, one finds that it splits up into three fairly distinct strata, whose lines of cleavage, however, do not exactly correspond with the scene-plot of the play. In the first of these divisions, which I take to comprise the whole of Act i. (Cedric's Hall and the Ashby Tournament) and the first scene (Sherwood Forest) of Act ii., the prevailing character of the music is breadth and simplicity in rhythm, robustness in style. It is the



Copmanbury



Courtyard of Torquilstone Castle.



1. Officers of Regiments Carrying Wreaths to the Palace.
2. People Signing their Names at the Palace.

3. Vault in the Royal Crypt under the Church at Laeken.
4. Funeral Service in the Cathedral of St. Gudule.

5. Arrival of Prince Henry of Prussia at Brussels.
6. Funeral Procession on the way to Laeken.

FUNERAL OF PRINCE BALDWIN OF FLANDERS, AT BRUSSELS.

music proper to the novelist's "Merrie England." Jovial hospitality here alternates with the fierce delight of war in the story, and these qualities accordingly find interpretation in the musical setting.



MISS MACINTYRE (REBECCA).

The opening phrase in C major, the joyous chorus of the Saxon feasters, "Waes hael," the brilliant passage in F on the entry of the Norman knights (to be heard again more than once as an *aide-memoire* rather than as a true *leit-motiv*), the vigorous musical dialogue between the Black Knight and Friar Tuck at the outset of the tourney, the stirring trumpet-calls of the heralds, the hearty chorus that precedes and closes the fight—all these numbers show breadth, simplicity, robustness. The same characteristics reappear, heightened in degree, in the forest scene, first in the King's ballad, to lute accompaniment, "I ask nor wealth"—a true Sullivan melody—and, again, in Friar Tuck's "Ho, jolly Jenkin," of which the refrain is taken up at the close by the chorus of outlaws, and is likely to be taken up before many days are over by every Londoner who has a note in his voice (and, alas! by some others). Thank goodness! that terrible "Bogie Man" is at last deposed.

Our second division, roughly speaking (roughly, of course; such attempts to dissect an organic whole must always involve some sacrifice of minute accuracy to clearness—for instance, I have already had to leave a charming solo for Rowena, and a duet she sings with Ivanhoe, out of account), will include the last scene of Act ii. and the first of Act iii., both of which scenes are laid in a turret-chamber at Torquilstone. Here the distinguishing feature is what I will take leave to call (in a sense other than Bach's) passion music—tumultuous outpourings of emotion, whether in successive solo songs for Rebecca, the Templar, and Ivanhoe, or in a tremendous duet for the two first of these. Of course, it takes little experience of grand opera to know that we have arrived at what, for the composer, is the crisis of the work. And the very centre of the crisis is reached, I take it, in the dramatic duet. There will doubtless be many allusions this week to Act iv. of the "Huguenots," and possibly we shall get some variants on the old criticism "J'aime mieux Musset," or, rather, "Meyerbeer." But it ought to be a sufficient answer that Sullivan is not Meyerbeer, any more than Rebecca and the Templar are Valentine and Raoul. Certainly, Sullivan has never hitherto touched the height he touches here, partly, of course, because he has never hitherto had occasion to try. For Rebecca the music not only of the duet but of the whole division is of great beauty and power. Her Prayer (to the Oriental accompaniment already mentioned), her love-pastoral over the sleeping Ivanhoe, in a delicious orchestral setting, descriptive of rippling water and the song of birds; and her declamatory solo, in which she narrates to Ivanhoe the fight she is witnessing from the window (the battle itself being, of course, portrayed in quasi-programme music by the orchestra)—these three, next to the duet, are the most considerable things in the whole score. They are really dramatic—take away the words and the action,



MISS PALLISER (ROWENA).

and you would still know what the music meant—and form the best guarantee of permanent fame for the opera.

Now—the tiresome but unavoidable process of mint-and-anise-and-cummin criticism is nearly over—now for our third division, which, beginning with another Sherwood Forest scene (necessarily rather tame by contrast with the excitement of the Torquilstone business, but noteworthy for a good quartet and for the one solitary dance in the whole opera), is completed by the final "set"—"The Preceptory of the Templars." Here the mere drama, with its exciting episodes of the combat between Ivanhoe and the Templar, Rebecca's release from the stake, and King Richard's entry to expel the Templars and plant the banner of England on their walls, rather overtops the musical interest. But the music—here as heretofore—fulfils its purpose of dramatic propriety. It includes a Latin hymn—half priestly chant, half military march (the brass in the orchestra being employed liberally, and *fff*)—and a brief, stirring, patriotic chorus, upon which the curtain falls.

For an English opera, English, or at least English-speaking, exponents. Run down the names of the double cast as well as of the sixty-three musicians in the orchestra, and you shall



MISS THUDICHUM (REBECCA).



MISS LUCILE HILL (ROWENA).



MR. BEN DAVIES (IVANHOE).

with only a few minutes' interval by a dramatic scene in the next Act—a continuous strain such as few *prime donne* have hitherto been called upon to endure. Miss Macintyre came triumphantly through this heavy ordeal. The Lady Rowena found a capital representative in Miss Esther Palliser, maiden-moist in mien, as the part requires, and with a sweet, fresh voice; and Miss Maude Groebel (a little too grotesquely made up, I think) was the Ulrica. Mr. Eugene Oudin not only sang the music of the Templar well, but played the character intelligently; whereas Mr. Norman Salmond, the King Richard, though quite equal to the vocal requirements of his part, has the very rudiments of acting yet to learn. It is a common misfortune of operatic tenors not to look their parts, and Mr. Ben Davies is hardly an ideal Ivanhoe to the eye; but he more than satisfies the ear. His "Sleep" song in Act iii. was, indeed, beautifully sung. I can do no more here than mention the creditable work done in minor but not necessarily unimportant parts by Messrs. Avon Saxon, Francon Davies, Adams Owen, and Richard Green. The second performance, on the Monday following, can scarcely be said to have been on the level of the first. It is upon the shoulders of Rebecca that the main burden of the opera falls, and it would be affectation to pretend that Miss Thudichum, who succeeded Miss Macintyre in the part, filled her place, either vocally or histrionically. Miss Lucile Hill followed Miss Palliser as the Lady Rowena, and the new King Richard was Mr. Franklin Clive, who might profitably teach his predecessor, Mr. Salmond, how to bear himself on the stage. On Wednesday Mr. Oudin, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Francon Davies gave place respectively to Mr. F. Noijé, Mr. O'Mara, and Mr. W. H. Burgon—but consideration of these new-comers must be reserved for a future occasion.

It is not my task to describe here the dramatic aspect of "Ivanhoe," its scenic splendour, or its really admirable stage-management. But I cannot help setting down one word of praise for the patience and skill which have, evidently, been bestowed on the training of the chorus. The crowd here act, for once, like a real crowd, each member of it having a distinct individuality of his, or her, own. Not a trace here of the terrible chorus of the conventional opera-stage, painful to look upon, and agreeing with wonderful unanimity to be as ludicrously unlike nature as possible. I hope that sort of chorus—"barty" has gone into the *Ewigkeit*. A. B. W.

The Manchester Ship Canal has proved a godsend to the traders of British Guiana. Large quantities of the "greenheart" timber of the colony have been used in the works of the great Lancashire project, and the wood has proved to be of unrivalled durability and strength. The colony has also been recently found to possess a quality of wood apparently better suited than almost any other for making match-boxes. Indeed, there would seem ample natural resources in this "mighty, rich, and beautiful empire of Guiana."

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The unexpected presence of their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria at the Popular Concert on Feb. 2 furnished a pleasant surprise for the numerous assemblage that filled St. James's Hall. Niels Gade's octet in F, for strings, was the principal item in the scheme, and the charming Mendelssohnian work received full justice at the hands of Madame Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Wiener, Collins, Straus, Gibson, Whitehouse, and Piatti. Scarcely less important, however, and perhaps even more attractive in the minds of habitués, was the final work of the evening—Schumann's beautiful pianoforte quartet in E flat, Op. 47. This favourite composition evoked, as usual, rapturous applause. It was finely interpreted by Mdlle. Eibenschütz, Madame Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. For her solo, the first-named lady repeated Beethoven's sonata in C minor, Op. 111, which he played at a recent concert, and so well did her rendering please that an encore was demanded. For this Mdlle. Eibenschütz gave, with great delicacy and finish, a movement from Bach's Partita in B minor. The vocalist was Mr. Hirwen Jones, who sang at short notice in place of Mr. Orlando Harley. He was heard to advantage in songs by Purcell, Rubinstein, and Alfred Cellier. At the concert of Jan. 31 Mr. Arthur Chappell was also compelled to find another vocalist; Mr. William Nicholl appearing instead of Miss Marguerite Hall, who was indisposed.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bradlaugh's death has given rise to a chorus of eulogies from all quarters, Conservatives and Nonconformist Liberals joining in the testimony of respect. The man who has thus united public opinion in a respectful though, perhaps, not a warm tribute was at one time the best-hated person in England. The change took place six years ago, after the conclusion of his Parliamentary struggle. Success developed the more sympathetic side of his character and greatly softened his manners, which at their best were singularly winning. He courted friendship, and the result was that, though on his entrance into Parliament he was almost ostracised, he latterly became a very companionable member. He had especially pleasant relationships with Conservatives of the type of Sir John Gorst and Sir Walter Barttelot. During the days of his struggle for his seat, he was much affected by John Bright's recognition of him, which was very kind and cordial. He lived simply and very cheaply; but he had a singularly correct palate, and knew what good wine meant.

Mr. Bradlaugh's favourite amusement was fishing, which he pursued on Sundays, choosing the upper reaches of the Thames, and sitting in a punt—a monument of patience. He was a first-rate Thames fisherman, and, though his forte was bottom-fishing, he was also excellent with the fly. His favourite holiday was a day or two snatched from his Parliamentary and lecturing work, and devoted to a few hours' salmon-fishing in Scotland. He played billiards well, and had—for Englishmen—the rare accomplishment of fencing.

Nearly three thousand people were present at Mr. Bradlaugh's funeral in Brookwood Cemetery on Feb. 3. Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Picton, and other members of Parliament were present. Mr. Labouchere dwells, in *Truth*, upon the reaction which had set in with regard to Mr. Bradlaugh's true character. "I do not think," he says, "that there is a single member more popular or more respected than he on both sides. Often and often Conservatives have, in a friendly way, said to me, 'What a much better man your colleague is than you are!' And I entirely agreed with them."

Sir George Chetwynd's racing reminiscences, which Messrs. Longmans have just published, are full of good reading, if only for the extraordinary memory of racing events which their author shows during the twenty odd years with which he has been associated with the turf. Sir George has kept a minute record of every year's racing since 1869, with the performances of horses and jockeys nicely detailed. Among the latter his favourites appear to have been Fordham and Cannon, and he is never weary of describing the varied accomplishments of the first of these wonderful riders, and the series of rushes by which the "demon" jockey pulled race after race out of the fire. Archer, he hints, was a little too anxious to win races, and rode a trifle too roughly at the finish. However, Sir George sets him down as the best-mannered of jockeys, as well as the keenest at his work. His fault was that he wasted too much, and broke up his constitution by repeated privations. Sir George's heroes in the great sporting world appear to have been Admiral Rous and Mr. Payne. Lord Rosebery he praises for his matchless coolness in taking losses. On the whole, the life which Sir George relates, with great enjoyment of his work, and with a refreshing contempt for niceties of style, is interesting enough, though the huge risks which it entails are enough to make the non-sporting reader shudder.

There is an interesting personal point arising out of Mr. Gladstone's proposal to remove the disabilities—which, according to some authorities, do not exist—arising out of the Act that prevents a Roman Catholic from becoming Lord Chancellor and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is probable that Lord Ripon would be Mr. Gladstone's Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should another Home Rule Ministry come into power. No such immediate question, however, arises out of the Gladstonian succession to the Lord Chancellorship. Sir Charles Russell is a Catholic, but the claims of Lord Herschell are paramount, and Lord Herschell is a Protestant. Among the Conservatives, no lawyer who is in the running for the Chancellorship is a Catholic. However, there are many slips on the way to the woollack. Sir Henry James seemed inevitable as a Liberal successor to Lord Selborne, and, as a matter of fact, he was offered the position in 1886, and refused it.

The marriage of Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau is to take place in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle on or about Wednesday, July 8.

Mr. Parnell's manœuvres are still triumphant over the feeble tactics of his opponents. The Irish ex-chief has now regained something of the personal dignity which he lost in the earlier stages of the struggle. He discusses the situation with great frankness, speaks of Mr. Gladstone in private with respect as the greatest living Englishman—a feeling which the ex-Premier does not at all reciprocate—and declares that his policy has reference to the chances of Sir William Harcourt obtaining the succession to the leadership of the Liberal Party.

The Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Henry Loch, and his new Premier, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, have arrived in London for a consultation on South African affairs. Of the two men, Mr. Rhodes is by far the more remarkable. He is comparatively young, and Cambridge men still remember him as an undergraduate, and a year or so later as setting out on a career of adventure which has made him, perhaps, the foremost—certainly the most picturesque—Englishman in South Africa. The personal impression that the Diamond King, statesman, and born leader of men makes on those who meet him is that of quiet strength. He is a silent, sober man, talking only on subjects which thoroughly interest him and which he understands. His face and figure give the notion of an older man than he is, and both are on a singularly massive, sturdy scale. His habits are simple in the extreme, and his personal expenditure is of the smallest.

Illustrated journalism owes something to the great French artist who has just died. Early in the Thirties Meissonier was drawing on wood for the *Magasin Pittoresque*, which, like the *Penny Magazine*, preceded the advent of the pictorial newspaper. Like so many other men of genius, Meissonier had an uphill struggle for years, and tried drawing on wood as a means of helping him to live while he was working for fame. At the time he began drawing for the *Magasin Pittoresque*, the art of wood-engraving was at so low an ebb in France that the blocks were sent to London to be engraved. Meissonier's drawings on wood were large, bold, and vigorous in treatment—not at all suggestive of the careful finish of his pictures. One of the best things he did for the *Magasin Pittoresque* was a combat between a man and a dog to illustrate the story of the "Dog of Montargis." When the great artist's collected works were exhibited in Paris in 1884, the newspapers published various accounts of his career, but none of the writers seem to have been aware that he tried drawing on wood in the early days of illustrated journalism.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

"Mr. Bradlaugh!" I remember when the utterance of that name by the Speaker was like a summons to the fretful porcupine. All the quills on the Conservative benches stood erect; and some Liberal quills were rather restive too, for a considerable number of Mr. Gladstone's supporters had done their best to keep Mr. Bradlaugh out of Parliament for five years. Then arose from below the gangway a tall, massive figure, with the large head and the strange upper lip so familiar in caricature. Mr. Bradlaugh never quite caught the Parliamentary manner. He was always a little too intense. His voice was harsh and strident, though in time he learned to modulate it somewhat. But in the early days of his Parliamentary career it was loud and defiant. At first his opponents thought they could shout him down—him, Charles Bradlaugh, whose voice had dominated immense throngs in the open air, and to whom speaking in the House was like a subdued conversation! So, when he said something that offered an opportunity for protest, the Tory benches shook with wrath. It was perfectly futile. Mr. Bradlaugh never lost his temper, but he had a habit of repeating the obnoxious remark with slow emphasis, while he shook a forefinger at the party opposite. After struggling with that finger for a while, the enemy gave up the contest. Talk of the finger of fate! It was a mere sign-post compared with Mr. Bradlaugh's. When he slowly extended his hand, I quite expected that it would reach right along the floor till it touched me. But presently there came a time when it was not only the finger that commanded respect. Gradually all parties began to recognise him as a Parliamentarian of a high order. Both the front benches showed a marked respect for his opinion. And at last the day came when he could even be satirical at the expense of a prominent Conservative without provoking any outbreak of enmity. I remember the occasion well. Mr. Bradlaugh had not much humour, but he laid a very neat little trap for Lord Randolph Churchill, who fell into it. The whole Tory Party roared with laughter, Lord Randolph shouting as merrily as the rest.

Sir William Harcourt has achieved a similar triumph, but not often. As a rule, his jocularities irritates his antagonists acutely. They rarely laugh with him, but if they get a chance of laughing at him they seize it with gusto. The other evening, for instance, Sir William compared the Government, excommunicated by the offended tithe-owning clergy, to the Jackdaw of Rheims. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach quickly interposed with the reminder that nobody seemed one penny the worse for the Cardinal's malediction, and immediately the Ministerialists chanted their joy. But for once Sir Michael's memory of the poets had failed him, and Sir William was able to rejoin that when last he saw the portrait of the Jackdaw that culprit looked very much the worse. "This," I remarked to the Serjeant-at-Arms, when he told me of the incident, which happened during my temporary absence from the House—"this shows the advantage to a statesman of an accurate acquaintance with the classics," and I was surprised to find that he knew as little about the "Ingoldsby Legends" as the President of the Board of Trade. But when Mr. Shaw-Lefevre came upon the scene to demand arbitration for the disputes between landlord and tenant in Ireland, there were no more poetical allusions. Somehow, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has a manner which invites contumely. It has an extraordinary effect on Mr. Balfour. The moment Mr. Shaw-Lefevre approaches the table, and with an innocent smile suggests that the Chief Secretary will scarcely venture to controvert him, Mr. Balfour uncrosses his legs, and makes a vicious little memorandum, which presently appears in the form of a highly elaborated and quite unsparing retort. The idea of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre taking himself seriously amuses the Chief Secretary mightily. I have lived so long in an atmosphere of irony and invective, I have been polished, so to speak, by so many taunts, and made resplendent by repartee which has all the virtue of wash-leather vigorously applied, that I am rarely stirred by sarcasm. The Bauble may be allowed to have his cynical moments, and I sometimes fancy that the obliging Shaw-Lefevre is laying himself open to the brilliant Balfour simply for the sake of the sport. The fox richly enjoys the hunt, as any sportsman will tell you, and perhaps the member for Bradford would consider that his public duty had been left undone if he had not provided that excellent M.F.H. the Chief Secretary with several opportunities during the session of whipping up his pack for the chase.

But the huntsmen on the Government benches have a different sort of entertainment when the strange, long visage of Mr. Healy looms upon them. The member for Longford has a difficult task in these stirring times. He has to attack the Government without exciting the wrath of a section of the Nationalists who regard him with that detestation which Irish politicians sometimes express with such refreshing candour. Great upon the war-path is the redoubtable Tim. He has an inexhaustible stock of ideas. His memory is prodigious. He remembers on the spur of the moment something exceedingly disconcerting to anyone who interrupts him. He has a humour which is all the racier because of the grimness which he never relaxes. His shrewdness has been greatly admired on the Treasury bench since the day it destroyed the licensing clauses. So Tim pursues his way through a speech which is madly applauded by the whole Irish Party, till he shoots a sarcasm at the absent idol of the Parnellites, and immediately comes a fierce protest in a deep bay note from Mr. John O'Connor. Strange mixture of adroitness and wild impulse, this remarkable Tim. He lets fall one image which causes a curious smile to flit across the face of Colonel Sanderson. "The Irish Party may be divided," says Mr. Healy, "but we are like a pair of scissors, and the two blades will cut off the heads of some gentlemen opposite." It is only a figure of speech, of course, but Colonel Sanderson nods his head vehemently as if he recognised Mr. Healy's pleasing metaphor as a literal threat of decapitation.

Faith, these Irish debates have an inexhaustible charm for me, and I cannot bear to think that there may come a time when the numbers of these gallant Celts may be reduced. There is really no necessity for any Home Rule plan except my own. If the Serjeant-at-Arms would only march through Ireland like a sort of St. Patrick, waving me in sight of the dazzled and delighted people, a marvellous and perpetual calm would descend upon the distressful country. But it is useless to propose any reasonable middle course under our system of Party government. I was pondering this sad circumstance in the middle of Mr. Balfour's speech, when I heard Dr. Tanner ejaculate something which might have been "canting snob" or "galloping snob." Whatever it was, the remark was equally disorderly and characteristic. The Doctor is queer, but there is a strange streak of genius in him. He once had the habit of staring at

the ceiling while Mr. Balfour was on his legs, and ejaculating, "Go it, Clara!" When remonstrated with, he rose very deliberately one evening and said, "Mr. Speaker, sorr, I regret the interruption to which you refer, but really, sorr, the language of the right hon. gentleman is so unladylike!"

My goodness, what an escape we have all had! I should never have expected such a thing from Mr. Marjoribanks, so sedate is he, and so utterly unlike the man who rashly handles dangerous weapons. Indeed, I cannot conceive Mr. Marjoribanks handling anything except the collecting-plate at church. And yet he wanted to bring the new rifle into the House, to test it, perhaps to lodge a bullet in Mr. Stanhope, or damage me with a ricochet shot off Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's head. Phew! I perspire at the thought! Luckily the Speaker forbade the introduction of the weapon, and we are safe. But I shall never trust Marjoribanks again!

THE LATE SIR LEICESTER SMYTH, K.C.B.

General the Hon. Sir Leicester Curzon Smyth, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, died on Jan. 27, while in England on leave of absence. He was the youngest son of Richard William Penn, Viscount Curzon, afterwards Earl Howe. He entered the Army in 1845, becoming Major-General in 1874, Lieutenant-General in 1878, and full General in 1885. He first saw active service in the Kaffir War of 1852-3, afterwards proceeding to the Crimea, as assistant military secretary

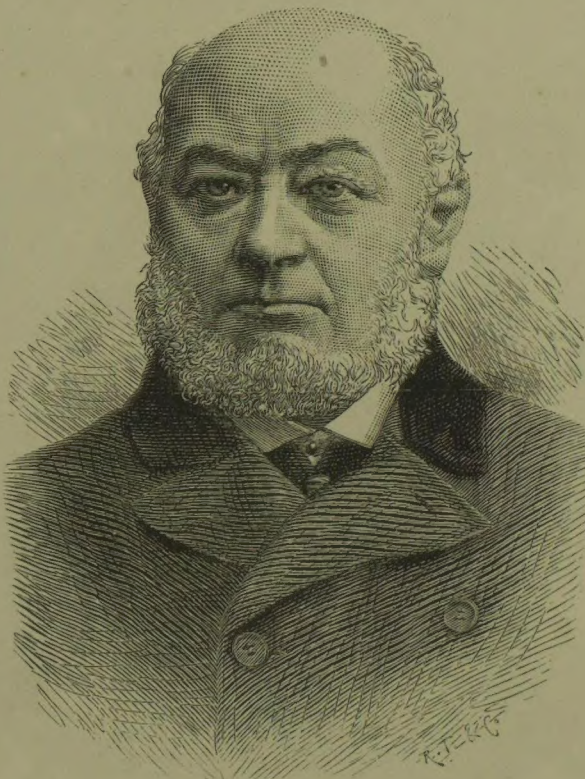


THE LATE GENERAL SIR LEICESTER SMYTH, K.C.B.

to the Commanders-in-Chief, Lord Raglan and Sir James Simpson; he brought home the despatches announcing the capture of Sebastopol. After being in charge of the Western District at Devonport, he assumed the command of the troops in South Africa, and subsequently acted as Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. Returning to England in 1884, he was appointed to the Southern District at Portsmouth, proceeding thence to Gibraltar. Sir Leicester married, in 1866, a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Smyth of Drumcree, whose name he adopted.

THE LATE MR. T. STAMFORD RAFFLES.

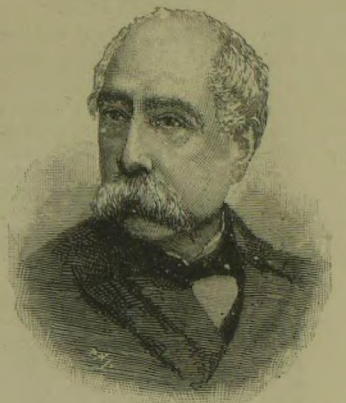
This gentleman, who died on Jan. 23, had been stipendiary Magistrate of Liverpool thirty-one years. The eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, he was born in 1818,

THE LATE MR. T. STAMFORD RAFFLES,
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, LIVERPOOL.

and educated at Glasgow University. In 1841 he was called to the Bar. After practising on the Northern Circuit he was, in 1859, appointed Judge of the Salford Court of Record, and was next year selected to succeed Mr. Mansfield at the Police Court of Liverpool.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most startling item of news this week has been the defeat of the Italian Ministry, followed by the resignation of Signor Crispi. How this defeat came about is easily explained. The Italians have all along been very proud of the part played by their country in European politics, as one of the parties to the Triple Alliance, but they have been less satisfied with the price they have been made to pay for their glory. So, when Signor Grimaldi applied to the Chamber for powers to levy increased duties on certain imported articles and an additional tax on the manufacture of alcohol, the deputies opposed the Government proposals, notwithstanding the fact that, three days before, they had received with loud applause the Ministerial statement in which Signor Grimaldi's application was foreshadowed. But, when it is asked why Signor Crispi suffered such a crushing defeat at the hands of a Parliament in which he had an almost overwhelming majority, it is impossible to give a satisfactory reply. It is said that Signor Crispi lost all self-control in alluding to Signor Minghetti's Government, and thus roused the ire of Signor Bonghi and other former members or supporters of that Ministry. But it is difficult to believe that a man of Signor Crispi's ability, hasty-tempered though he be, cannot master his irritation when he chooses. And, therefore, the obvious inference is that King Humbert's Prime Minister has been defeated because it suited his purpose to be beaten, and to retire. But to retire for a time only, for it is certain that with a Chamber composed of Deputies who were, for the greater part, returned as supporters of Signor Crispi, neither the Marchese di Rudini nor any other politician can maintain himself at the head of affairs for a very long time. The probabilities are that ere long Signor Crispi will once more return to power, with greater influence and prestige than before; but in any case it is a mistake to suppose, as people seem to think on the Continent, and especially in France, that Signor Crispi's retirement, should it be definitive, would imply a change in Italian foreign policy. For some time to come Italy, with or without Signor Crispi, will follow the course mapped out by him, and remain a staunch member of the League of Peace.



SIGNOR CRISPI.

The announcement that Count Waldersee has resigned his position of Chief of the Grand General Staff has hardly come upon the world as a surprise. It was known that for a long time there existed considerable friction between him and his Imperial master, and it was expected that at the first opportunity the Chief of the Staff would ask to be released from his important functions. Just as in the case of Signor Crispi, the true motives of Count Waldersee's retirement are matters of conjecture. One of the reasons given for his resignation is that the Count, who is getting old, feels the burden of his post growing too heavy for him; while another is that he has found out that the Emperor intends to be his own Chief of the Staff, just as he insists on being his own Chancellor. However that may be, Count Waldersee has been appointed to the command of the Ninth Army Corps, and will be succeeded, in all probability, by Count Von Haeseler, a most distinguished officer, at present stationed in Alsace-Lorraine.

A military revolt broke out in Oporto on Jan. 31, when about four hundred men belonging to various regiments, commanded by one or two lieutenants and a few non-commissioned officers, took possession of the Town-hall, constituted a Provisional Government, and hoisted a red flag over the building. A few violent speeches were made, interrupted by cries of "Viva la Republica!" and the rebels seemed to have had it all their own way until they were met by the Municipal Guard, who called upon them to surrender, and, their summons not being obeyed, fired at the insurgents, who fled. Later in the day the Artillery, the Municipal Guard, and the loyal soldiers succeeded in re-establishing order, but not until a number of men on both sides had been killed and wounded. It is reported that the Republicans had decided upon a general revolution, which was to break out simultaneously in Oporto, Coimbra, Braga, Vizeu, and Lisbon, and that the revolt at Oporto was premature. This is very likely true, for there is undoubtedly a strong Republican feeling in Oporto and Lisbon, and it is well known that a few Portuguese Republicans were boasting in Paris, in October last, that they were in a position to proclaim the Republic whenever it suited them, adding, very considerably, that they should wait until the African difficulty with England had been disposed of, before carrying out their plans. As revolutions which are announced beforehand never succeed, there is every likelihood that the Portuguese Government will be able to suppress immediately any further disturbances, civil or military.

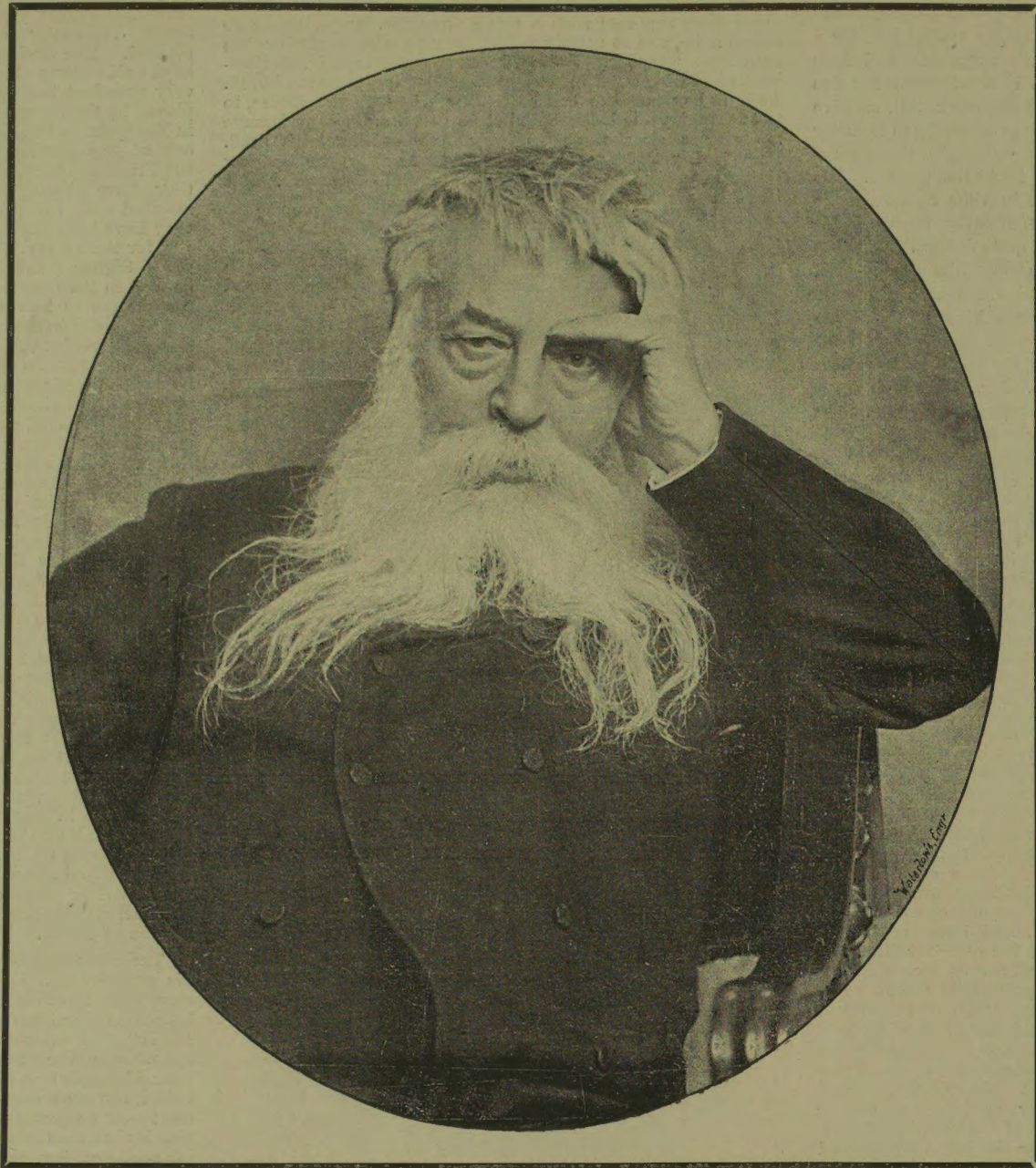
The statement that the United States Government are desirous of extending trade relations with Canada has been confirmed by no less an authority than Sir John Macdonald himself, who, on Jan. 31, in a speech on the relations between Canada and the United States, said that Mr. Blaine had expressed to the British Minister at Washington the wish to place commercial relations between the United States and Canada on a better footing. Mr. Blaine having suggested a commission to discuss the question, the Canadian Government have requested the Imperial Government to propose the nomination of a joint commission for the purpose.

The Dark Continent has, of late, monopolised public attention to such an extent that it requires some effort to realise the fact that questions equally, if not more, interesting to Englishmen may arise in Central Asia. The recent severe illness of the Ameer of Afghanistan, from the effects of which he may or may not have entirely recovered, comes opportunely to remind people that at any time his Highness, whose health is none of the best, may be gathered to his fathers, and that his death would be the signal for local disturbances, followed, very possibly, by international complications. In connection with Afghanistan, there are signs that a question of delimitation of spheres of influence may shortly have to be settled between Great Britain, China, and Russia, Pamir being the region where the interests of the three countries are involved. The presence of Colonel Younghusband at Kashgar, where he has been for some months, is a guarantee that British interests will be well looked after.

The Spanish elections took place on Feb. 1, the result of the ballot being largely in favour of the Government. There are in the Spanish Chamber 427 seats, out of which 120 only have been won by the Opposition.

MEISSONIER.

The eminent French painter Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, who died on Jan. 31, at the age of nearly seventy-six, obtained his immense reputation, according to critics of art, by qualities that were displayed by the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. But his accuracy of drawing, perfect finish, and marvellous skill in working on a small scale were accompanied by breadth of treatment and vivacity of characteristic expression, commanding attention in pictures of almost miniature size. Since 1834, when his works began to be exhibited at the Paris Salon, his unique method and style, contrasted with the general practice of modern French artists, have provoked much discussion, but no one has denied his peculiar talent or his conscientious industry; and public renown, has, in a high degree, rewarded his patient labours in the path to which he consistently adhered. One of his pictures, entitled "1814, Campagne de France," representing Napoleon with troops on the march, painted in 1864, has recently been purchased by M. Chauchard for the great price of £32,000, to be presented to the French nation at the Palace of the Luxembourg. An engraving of this picture appeared not long ago in our own Journal. We now present another of Meissonier's most celebrated works—namely, "La Rixe," or the Tavern Brawl, printed in 1854, which the Emperor Napoleon III. gave to the late Prince Consort, and which is now at Osborne House. It is distinguished from most of the artist's pictures by the figures being in vigorous action. Meissonier had usually preferred to represent persons or groups in attitudes of comparative repose or suspended movement, while forcibly expressing, as in those of Napoleon and his staff officers, in



THE LATE M. MEISSONIER.

the other picture mentioned, a prevailing mood or sentiment affecting them all, which rendered his treatment of the whole incident most interesting to sympathetic observers. Exact study of costumes and other accessories gave much value to his treatment of historical subjects, and he was equally correct in the features of a landscape, even in those of tropical scenery which he, not being much of a traveller, had scarcely beheld in nature. Some of his pictures illustrating the wars of the First French Empire, the "Cuirassiers, 1805," "Friedland," the "Campagne de France, 1814," and others, if not those devoted to military exploits of the Second Empire, "Solferino," at which battle the artist was present, being painted for Napoleon III., prove that he did not lack the capacity for grand conceptions. But it was in groups and dramatic scenes of a few figures that he excelled more especially, and in situations of ordinary life and manners, with a great variety of types of different characters and classes. Few artists have equalled Meissonier in technical skill and preciseness of execution: as a prose painter, not claiming high poetic inspiration, he has no modern rival. In 1884, the jubilee year of his career as an artist, there was a special exhibition of works by him, to the number of 146, but scarcely a fourth part of those he had then completed and sold. He was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of London, and received many tokens of honour in France. Many of his pictures were disposed of, at high prices, to American purchasers; many are in England, others in Belgium, Holland, and Austria. His etchings, and early designs for book-illustrations, in Royaumont's Bible and editions of "Paul et Virginie" and "La Chaumière Indienne," are scarce and much in request.



"LA RIXE."—AFTER MEISSONIER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—BY PERMISSION OF E. LECADRE AND CO.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

I had her clear. She was a large steam frigate, clearly a foreigner.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN NIELSEN.

Captain Nielsen was veritably corpse-like in aspect viewed by the cold grey iron light sitting through the little windows out of the spray-shrouded air. The unnatural brightness of his eyes painfully defined the attenuation of his face, and the sickly, parchment-like complexion of his skin. He extended his hand, but could hardly find time to deliver a greeting, so violent was his hurry to receive his daughter's report. He shook his head when he heard that his topgallant-mast and jibbooms were wrecked, and passionately exclaimed in Danish, on his daughter telling him of the increase of water in the hold.

"She must be taking it in from below," he then cried in English: "she has strained herself. Should this continue, what is to be done? She will need to be constantly pumped—and ah, my God! you are but two."

"Yes, Captain," cried I, incensed that he should appear to have no thoughts but for his ship; "but if you do not insist upon your daughter taking some rest there will be but one, long before this gale has blown itself out."

"Oh, my dear, it is so!" he exclaimed, looking at her on a sudden with impassioned concern. "Mr. Tregarthen is right. You will sink under your efforts. Your dear heart will break. Rest now—rest, my beloved child! I command you to rest! You must go below; you must lie in your own cabin. This good gentleman is about—he will sit with me and go forth and report. The Anine tends herself, and there is nothing in human skill to help her outside what she can herself do."

"But we must not starve, father," she answered: "let us first breakfast, as best we can, and then I will go below."

She left the cabin and promptly returned, bringing with her the remains of the cold meat we had supped off, some biscuit, and a bottle of red wine. Her father drank a little of the wine and ate a morsel of biscuit; indeed, food seemed to excite a loathing in him. I saw that Helga eyed him piteously, but she did not press him to eat: it might be that she had experience of his stubbornness. She said, in a soft aside, to me: "His appetite is leaving him, and how can I tempt him without the means of cooking? Does not he look very ill this morning?"

"It is worry, added to rheumatic pains," said I: "we must get him ashore as soon as possible, where he can be nursed in comfort."

But though these words flowed readily, out of my sympathy with the poor, brave, suffering girl, they were assuredly not in correspondence with my secret feelings. It was not only I was certain that Captain Nielsen lay in his cot a dying man; the roaring of the wind, the beating of the sea against the barque, the wild extravagant leapings and divings, the perception that water was draining into the hold, and that

there were but two of us—and one of those two a girl—to work the pumps, made a mockery to my heart of my reference to the captain getting ashore and being nursed there.

We sat in that slanting and leaping interior with plates on our knees. The girl feigned to eat; her head drooped with weariness, yet I noticed that she would force a cheerful note into the replies she made to her father's ceaseless feverish questions. When we had ended our meal, she left us to go below to her cabin; but before leaving she asked me, with eyes full of tender pleading, to keep her father's heart up, to make the best of such reports as I might have to give him after going out to take a look round; and she told me that he would need his physic at such and such a time, and so lingered, dwelling upon him and glancing at him; and then she went out in a hurry with one hand upon her breast, yet not so swiftly but that I could see her eyes were swimming.

"There is a barometer in the cabin," said Captain Nielsen: "will you tell me how the mercury stands?"

The glass was fixed to the bulkhead outside. I returned and gave him the reading.

"'Tis a little rise!" he cried, with his unnaturally bright eyes eagerly fastened upon me.

I would not tell him that it was not so—that the mercury, indeed, stood at the level I had observed on the preceding day in my glass in the life-boat house.

"Fierce weather of this sort," said I, "soon exhausts itself."

He continued to stare at me, but now with an air of musing that somewhat softened the painful brilliant intentness of his regard.

"I pray God," said he, "that this weather may speedily enable us to obtain help, for I fear that if I am not treated I shall get very low, perhaps die. I am ill—yet what is my malady? This rheumatism is a sudden seizure. I could walk when at Cuxhaven."

In as cheerful a voice as I could assume, I begged him to consider that his mind might have much to do with those bodily sensations which made him feel ill.

"It may be so, it may be so," he exclaimed, with a sad smile of faltering hope. "I wish to live. I am not an old man. It will be hard if my time is to come soon. It is Helga—it is Helga," he muttered, pressing his brow with his thin hand. I was about to speak. "How wearisome," he broke out, "is this ceaseless tossing! I ran away to sea; it was my own doing. I had my childish dreams—strange and beautiful fancies of foreign countries—and I ran away"; he went on in a rambling manner like one thinking aloud. "And yet I love the old ocean, though it is serving me cruelly now. It has fed me—it has held me to its breast—and my nourishment and life have come from it." He started, and, bringing his eyes away from the upper deck on which they had been

fixed while he spoke, he cried, "Sir, you are a stranger to me, but you are an Englishman of heroic heart, and you will forgive me. Should I die, and should God be pleased to spare you and my child, will you protect her until she has safely returned to her friends at Kolding? She will be alone in any part of the world until she is there, and if I am assured that she will have the generous compassion of your heart with her, a guardian to take my place until she reaches Kolding, it will make me easy in my ending, let the stroke come when it will."

"I came to this ship to save your lives," I answered. "I hope to be an instrument yet of helping to save them. Trust me to do your bidding, if it were only for my admiration of your daughter's heroic qualities. But do not speak of dying, Captain Nielsen."

He interrupted me. "There is my dear friend Pastor Blicher of Kolding, and there is Pastor Jansen of Skandrup. They are good and gentle Christian men, who will receive Helga, and stand by her and soothe her and counsel her as to my little property—ah, my little property!" he cried. "If this vessel founders, what have I?"

"Pray," said I, with the idea of quietly coaxing his mind into a more cheerful mood, "what is so seriously wrong with you, Captain, that you should lie there gloomily foreboding your death? Such rheumatism as yours is not very quick to kill."

"I was long dangerously ill of a fever in the West Indies," he answered, "and it left a vital organ weak. The mischief is here, I fear," said he, touching his right side above his hip. "I felt very ill at Cuxhaven; but this voyage was to be made: I am too poor a man to suffer my health to forfeit the money that was to be got by it. Hark! what was that?"

He leaned his head over the cot, straining his hearing with a nervous fluttering of his emaciated fingers. It was miserable to see how white the skin of his sunken cheeks showed against the whiteness of the canvas of his cot:

"I heard nothing," I answered.

"It was the noise of a blow," he exclaimed. "Pray go and see if anything is wrong," he added, speaking out of his habit of giving orders, and with a peremptoriness that forced a smile from me as I went to the door.

I made my way through the house on to the deck, and looked about me, but it was the same scene to stare at and hearken to that I had viewed before: the same thunder and shriek of wind, the same clouding of the forward part of the barque in foam, the same miserable dismal picture of water flashing from bulwark to bulwark, of high green frothing seas towering past the line of the rail as the vessel swung in a smother of seething yeast into the trough.

I caught sight of a long hencoop abait the structure in which the sailors had lived, with the red gleam of a cockscomb betwixt a couple of the bars, and guessing that the wretched

inmate must, by this time, be in sore need of food and water, I very cautiously made my way to the coop, holding on by something at every step. The coop was, indeed, full of poultry, but all lay drowned.

I returned to the deck-house and mounted on top of it, where I should be able to obtain a good view of as much of the ocean as was exposed, and where also I should be out of the wet which, on the main deck, rolled with weight enough at times to sweep a man off his legs. The roof of the house, if I may so term it, was above the rail, and the whole fury of the gale swept across it. I never could have guessed at the hurricane-force of the wind while standing on the deck beneath. It was impossible to face it; if I glanced but one instant to windward my eyes seemed to be blown into my head.

I had not gained that elevation above a minute when I heard a sharp rattling aloft, and, looking upwards, I perceived that the main royal had blown loose. For the space of a breath or two it made the rattling noise that had called my attention to it, then the whole bladder-like body of it was swept in a flash away from the yard, and nothing remained but a whip or two streaming straight out like white hair from the spar. A moment later the maintopgallant-sail, that had been, no doubt, hastily and badly furled, was blown out of the gaskets. I thought to see it go as the royal had, but while I watched, waiting for the flight of the rags of it down into the leeward gloom of the sky, the mast snapped off at the cap at the instant of the sail bursting and disappearing like a gush of mist, and down fell the whole mass of hamper to a little below the stay, under which it madly swung, held by the backstays.

This disaster, comparatively trifling as it was, gave the whole fabric a most melancholy, wrecked look. It affected me in a manner I should not have thought possible in one who knew so much about the sea and shipwreck as I. It impressed me as an omen of approaching dissolution. "What, in God's name, can save us?" I remember thinking, as I brought my eyes away from the two broken masts, swinging and spearing high up under the smoke-coloured, compacted, apparently stiller heaps of vapour stretching from sea-line to sea-line. "What put together by mortal hands can go on resisting this ceaseless, tremendous beating?" and as I thus thought the vessel, with a wild sweep of her bow, smote a giant surge rushing laterally at her, and a whole green sea broke roaring over the fore-castle, making every timber in her tremble with a volcanic thrill, and entirely submerging the forepart in white waters, out of which she soared with a score of cataracts flying in smoke from her sides.

I looked for the flag that Helga and I had half-masted a little while before; it had as utterly disappeared from betwixt its toggles as though the bunting had been ripped up and down by a knife. As I was in the act of dragging myself along to the ladder to go below, I spied a sort of smudge oozing out of the iron-hued thickness past the head of a great sea whose arching peak was like a snow-clad hill. I crouched down to steady myself, and presently what I had at first thought to be some dark shadow of cloud upon the near horizon grew into the proportions of a large ship, running dead before the gale under a narrow band of main topsail.

She was heading to pass under our stern, and rapidly drew out, and in a few minutes I had her clear—clean and bright as a new painting against the background of shadow, along whose dingy, misty base the ocean line was washing in flickering green heights. She was a large steam frigate, clearly a foreigner, for I do not know that our country had a ship of the kind afloat at the time. She had a white band, broken by ports, and the black and gleaming defences of her bulwarks were crowned with stowed hammocks. Her topgallant masts were housed, and the large cross-trees and huge black tops and wide spread of shrouds gave her a wonderfully heavy, massive ship-of-war look aloft. The band of close-reefed main-topsail had the glare of foam as it swung majestically from one sea-line to the other, slowly swaying across the dark and stooping heaven with a noble and solemn rhythm of movement. I could never have imagined a sight to more wholly fascinate my gaze. Always crouching low, I watched her under the shelter of my hands locked upon my brow. I beheld nothing living aboard of her. She came along as though informed by some spirit and government of her own. As her great stem sank to the figure-head, there arose a magnificent boiling, a mountainous cloud of froth on either bow of her, and the roar of those riven seas seemed to add a deeper tone of thunder to the gale. All was taut aboard—every rope like a ruled line—different, indeed, from our torn and wrecked and trailing appearance on high! She swept past within a quarter of a mile of us, and what pen could convey the incredible power suggested by that great fabric as her stern lifted to the curl of the enormous Atlantic surge, and the whole ship rushed forward on the hurrying froth of the sea with an electric velocity that brought the very heart into one's throat.

She was a mere smudge again—this time to leeward—in a few minutes. I could only stare at her. Our flag had blown away, I was without power to signal, and, even if I had been able to communicate our condition of distress, what help could she have offered? What could she have done for us in such a sea as was now running? Yet the mere sight of her had heartened me. She made me feel that help could never be wanting in an ocean so ploughed by keels as the Atlantic.

I crawled down on to the quarterdeck, and returned to the Captain's cabin. The poor man at once fell with feverish eagerness to questioning me. I told him honestly that the maintopgallant-mast had carried away while I was on deck, but that there was nothing else wrong that I could distinguish; that the barque was still making a noble fight, though there were times when the seas broke very fiercely and dangerously over the fore-castle.

He wagged his head with a gesture of distress, crying, "So it is! so it is! One spar after another, and thus may we go to pieces!"

I told him of the great steam frigate that had passed, but to this piece of news he listened with a vacant look, and apparently could think of nothing but his spars. He asked in a childish, fretful way how long Helga had been below, and I answered him stoutly not nearly long enough for sleep.

"Ay," cried he, "but the barque needs to be pumped, Sir." "Your daughter will work the better for rest," said I, and then looking at my watch I found it was time to give him his physic.

He exclaimed, looking at the wineglass, "There is no virtue in this stuff. The sufferer can make but one use of it," and, still preserving a manner of curious childishness, he emptied the contents of the glass over the edge of his cot on to the deck, and, as he swung, lay watching the mess of it on the floor with a smile. I guessed that expostulation would be fruitless, and indeed, having but very little faith myself in any sort of physic, I secretly applauded his behaviour.

I sat down upon the locker, and, leaning my back against the bulkhead, endeavoured, by conversation, to bring a cheerful look to his countenance; but his mood of depression was not to be conquered. At times he would ramble a little, quote passages from Danish plays in his native tongue, then pause with his head on one side as though waiting for me to applaud what he forgot I did not understand.

"How fine is this from 'Palnatoke'!" he would cry, "or hark to this from that noble performance 'Hacon Yarl'! Ah, it is England alone can match Oehlenschläger."

I could only watch him mutely. Then he would break away to bewail his spars again, and to cry out that Helga would be left penniless, would be a poor beggar girl, if his ship foundered.

"But is not the Anine insured?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, "but not by me. I was obliged to borrow money upon her, and she is insured by the man who lent me the money."

"But you have an interest in the cargo, Captain Nielsen?"

"Ay," cried he, "and that I insured; but what will it be worth to my poor little Helga?"—and he hid his face in his hands and rocked himself.

However, he presently grew somewhat composed, and certainly more rational, and, after awhile, I found myself talking about Tintrenale, my home and associations, my life-boat excursions, and the like; and then we conversed upon the course that was to be adopted should the weather moderate and find us still afloat. We should be able to do nothing, he said, without assistance from a passing ship, in the sense of obtaining a few sailors to work the barque; or a steamer might come along that would be willing to give us a tow.

"The Land's End cannot be far off," said he.

"No," said I, "not if this gale means to drop to-day. But it will be far enough off if it is to go on blowing."

He inquired what I made the drift to be, and then calculated that the English coast would now be bearing about East-North-East, sixty miles distant. "Let the wind chop round," cried he, with a gleam in his sunken eye, "and you and Helga would have the Anine in the Channel before midnight."

We continued to talk in this strain, and he seemed to forget the wretchedness of our situation; then suddenly he called out to know the time, abruptly breaking away from what he was saying.

"Hard upon eleven o'clock," said I.

"This will not do," he cried. "The barque as we talk is filling under our feet. The well should be sounded. Helga must be called. I beseech you to call Helga," he repeated, nervously, smiting the side of his cot with his clenched hand. "Ah, God!" he added, "that I should be without the power to move!"

"I will sound the well," said I: "should I find an increase I will arouse your daughter."

"Go, I beg of you!" he cried, in high notes. "The barque seems sodden to me. She does not lift and fall as she did."

I guessed this to be imagination, but the mere fancy of such a thing being true frightened me also, and I hastily went out. I dried the rod and chalked it as Helga had, and, watching my chance, dropped it, and found five inches of water above the level our last spell at the pump had left in the hold. I was greatly startled, and to make sure that my first cast was right, I sounded a second time, and sure enough the rod showed five inches, as before. I hastened with the news to the Captain.

"I knew it! I feared it!" he cried, his voice shrill with a very ecstasy of hurry, anxiety, and sense of helplessness that worked in him. "Call Helga—lose not an instant—run, I beg you will run."

"But run where?" cried I. "Where does the girl sleep?"

"Go down the hatchway in the deck-house," he shouted in shrill accents, as though bent upon putting into this moment the whole of his remaining slender stock of vitality. "There are four cabins under this deck. Hers is the after-most one on the starboard side. Don't delay! If she does not instantly answer, enter and arouse her," and as I sped from the cabin I heard him crying that he knew by the motions of the ship she was filling rapidly, and that she would go down on a sudden like lead.

It was a black square trap of hatchway into which I looked a moment before putting my legs over. There was a short flight of almost perpendicular steps conducting to the lower deck. On my descending I found the place so dark that I was forced to halt till my eyes should grow used to the obscurity. There was a disagreeable smell of cargo down here, and such a heart-shaking uproar of straining timbers, of creaking bulkheads, of the thumps of seas and the muffled, yearning roar of the giant waters sweeping under the vessel, that for a little while I stood as one utterly bewildered.

Soon, however, I managed to distinguish outlines, and, with outstretched hands and wary legs, made my way to the cabin Captain Nielsen had indicated and beat upon the door. There was no response. I beat again, listening, scarcely thinking, perhaps, that the girl would require a voice as keen as a boatswain's pipe to thread the soul-confounding and brain-muddling clamour in this after-deck of the storm-beaten barque. "He bade me enter," thought I, "and enter I must, if the girl is to be aroused;" and I turned the handle of the door and walked in.

Helga lay, attired as she had left the deck, in an upper bunk, through the porthole of which the daylight, bright with the foam, came and went upon her face as the vessel at one moment buried the thick glass of the scuttle in the green blindness of the sea and then lifted it, weeping and gleaming, into the air. Her head was pillowed on her arm; her hair in the weak light showed as though touched by a dull beam of the sun. Her eyes were sealed; their long lashes put a delicate shading under them; her white face wore a sweet expression of happy serenity, and I could believe that some glad vision was present to her. Her lips were parted in the expression of a smile.

There was a feeling in me as of profanity in this intrusion, and of wrong-doing in the obligation forced upon me of waking her from a peaceful, pleasant, all-important repose to face the bitter hardships and necessities of that time of tempest. But for my single arms the pump was too much, and she must be aroused. I lightly put my hand upon hers, and her smile was instantly more defined, as though my action were coincident with some phase of her dream. I pressed her hand; she sighed deeply, looked at me, and instantly sat up with a little frown of confusion.

"Your father begged me to enter and arouse you," said I. "I was unable to make you hear by knocking. I have sounded the well, and there is an increase of five inches!"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, and sprang lightly out of her bunk.

In silence and with amazing dispatch, seeing that a few seconds before she was in a deep sleep, she put on her sea-helmet, whipped a handkerchief round her neck, and was leading the way to the hatch on buoyant feet.

On gaining the deck I discovered that the wrecked appearance of the ship aloft had been greatly heightened during my absence below by the foretop-sail having been blown into rags. It was a single sail, and the few long strips of it which remained blowing out horizontally from the yards stiff as crowbars gave an indescribable character of forlornness to the fabric. Helga glanced aloft, and immediately perceived that the maintopgallant-mast had been wrecked, but said nothing, and in a minute the pair of us were hard at work.

I let go the brake only when my companion was too exhausted to continue; but now, on sounding the well, we

found that our labours had not decreased the water to the same extent as heretofore. It was impossible, however, to converse out of shelter; moreover, a fresh danger attended exposure on deck, for, in addition to the wild sweeping of green seas forward, to the indescribably violent motions of the barque which threatened to break our heads or our limbs for us, to fling us bruised and senseless against the bulwarks if we relaxed for a moment our hold of what was next us—in addition to this, I say, there was now the deadly menace of the topgallant-mast, with its weight of yards, fiercely swinging and beating right over our heads, and poised there by the slender filaments of its rigging, which might part and let the whole mass fall at any moment.

We entered the deck-house, and paused for a little while in its comparative silence and stagnation to exchange a few words.

"The water is gaining upon the ship, Mr. Tregarthen," said Helga.

"I fear so," I answered.

"If it should increase beyond the control of the pumps, what is to be done?" she asked. "We are without boats."

"What can be done?" cried I. "We shall have to make some desperate thrust for life—contrive something out of the hencoop—spare booms—whatever is to be found."

"What chance—what chance have we in such a sea as this?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking up at me with eyes large with emotion, though I found nothing of fear in the shining of them or in the working of her pale sweet face.

I had no answer to make. Indeed, it put a sort of feeling into the blood like madness itself even to talk of a raft with the sound in our ears of the sea that was raging outside.

"And then there is my father," she continued, "helpless—unable to move—how is he to be rescued? I would lose my life to save his. But what is to be done if this gale continues?"

"His experience should be of use to us," said I. "Let us go and talk with him."

She opened the door of the berth, halted, stared a minute, then turned to me with her forefinger upon her lip. I peered, and found the poor man fast asleep. I believed at first that he was dead, so still he lay, so easy was his countenance, so white too; but, after watching a moment, I spied his breast rising and falling. Helga drew close, and stood viewing him. A strange and moving sight was that swinging cot, the revelation of the death-like head within, the swaying boyish figure of a daughter gazing with eyes of love, pity, distress at the sleeping, haggard face as it came and went.

She sat down beside me. "I shall lose him soon," said she; "but what is killing him? He was white and poorly yesterday; but not ill as he is now."

It would have been idle to attempt any sort of courage. The truth was as plain to her as to me. I could find nothing better to say than that the gale might cease suddenly, that a large steam frigate had passed us a little while before, that some vessel was sure to heave into sight when the weather moderated, and that meanwhile our efforts must be directed to keeping the vessel afloat. I could not again talk of the raft; it was enough to feel the sickening tossing of the ship under us to render the thought of that remedy for our state horrible and hopeless.

The time slowly passed. It was drawing on to one o'clock. I went on deck to examine the helm and to judge of the weather; then sounded the well, but found no material increase of water. The barque, however, was rolling so furiously that it was almost impossible to get a correct cast. Before re-entering the house I sent a look round from the shelter of the weather bulwark to observe what materials were to be obtained for a raft should the weather suffer us to launch such a thing and the barque founder spite of our toil. There was a number of spare booms securely lashed upon top of the seamen's deck-house and galley, and these, with the hencoop and hatch covers, and the little casks or scuttle-butto out of which the men drank, would provide us with what we needed. But the contemplation of death itself was not so dreadful to me as the prospect which this fancy of a raft opened. I hung crouching under the lee of the tall bulwark, gnawing my lip as thought after thought arose in me, and digging my finger-nails into the palms of my hands. The suddenness of it all! The being this time yesterday safe ashore, without the dimmest imagination of what was to come—the anguish of my poor old mother—the perishing, as I did not doubt, of my brave comrades of the life-boat—then this vessel slowly taking in water, dying as it were by inches, and as doomed as though Hell's curse were upon her, unless the gale should cease and help come!

I could not bear it. I started to my feet with a sense of madness upon me, with a wild and dreadful desire in me to show mercy to myself by plunging and silencing the delirious fancies of my brain in the wide sweep of seething waters that rushed from the very line of the rail of the barque as she leant to her beam ends in the thunderous trough of that instant. It was a sort of hysteria that did not last; yet might I have found temptation and time in the swift passage of it to have destroyed myself, but for God's hand upon me, as I choose to believe, and to be ever thankful for!

(To be continued.)

At St. Petersburg it is regarded as probable that Queen Natalie will reside in Russia until her son attains his majority.

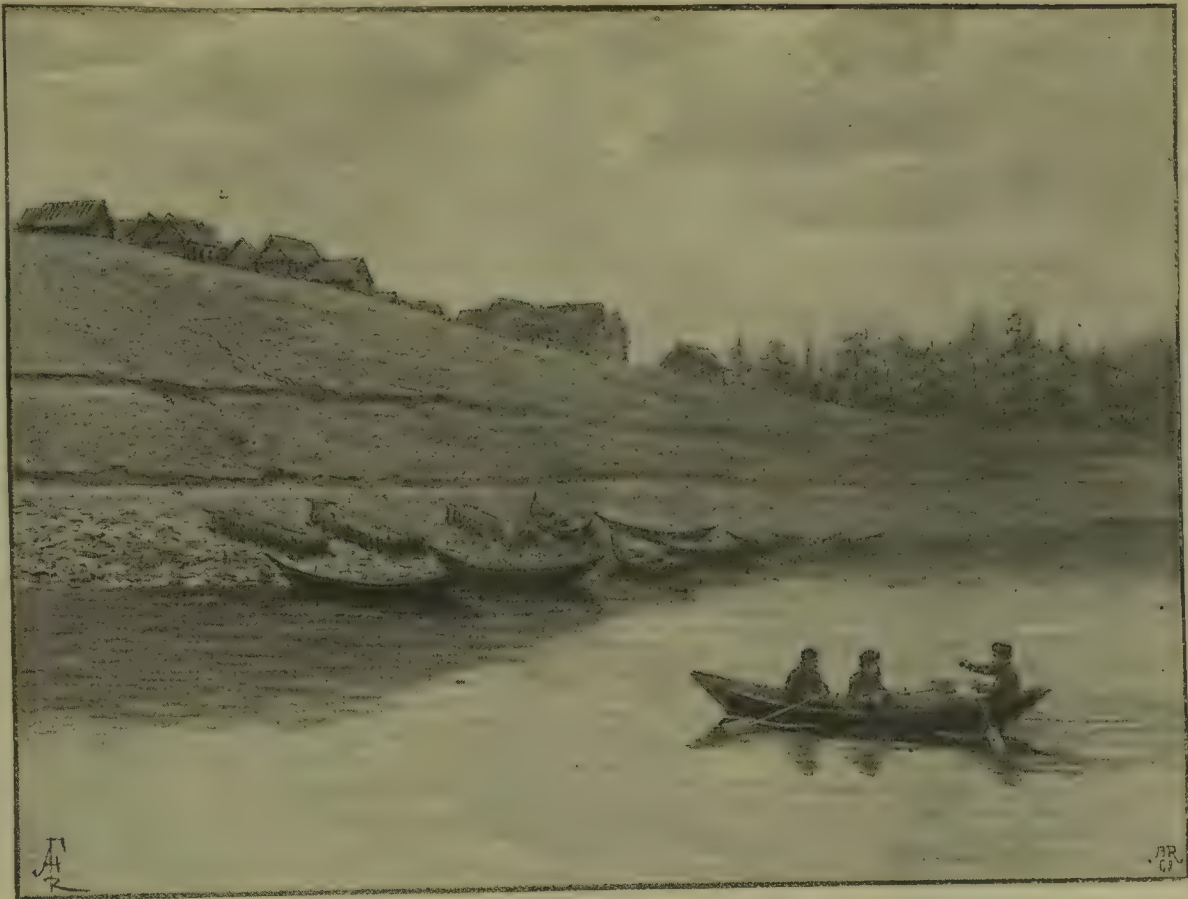
An alliance between the Church and Science—this is the official utterance of the Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association, which has just held a meeting at the Church House, Westminster, under the presidency of Professor Flower. General Lowry, Sir J. Fayer, the Ven. Archdeacon Emery, the Rector of Clapham, and the Rev. F. Lawrence, hon. sec. of the association, were among those present. The object of the society is to bring about the adoption of a mode of burial consistent with Christian sentiment and sanitary law. Its promoters contend that the earth-to-earth mode is a quasi-cremation, whereby the body is reduced to atoms by the action of earth, air, and the agency of micro-organisms which abound in the earth; and that this quasi-cremation, if properly safeguarded, is effected in from three to seven years, with harm to none. After the opening address of the chairman, the following letter from the Dean of Windsor was read: "I am thankful to see tokens everywhere that your work is bearing fruit. The useless and cruel expense of elaborate funerals is steadily, if slowly, diminishing, and a healthier and more Christian tone is undoubtedly coming to prevail. But there is much still to be done, and it can only be brought about by the formation of a wholesome public opinion. It is not to be expected that a mourning family, in the first hour of their bereavement, will discuss and arrange some change of system from that which has been familiar to them before. The opinion must be formed and the resolve made beforehand. To take one single point, I am certain that if people would try to realise what the present system of imperishable coffins actually means, they would soon cease to look upon it as conducive either to reverence for the remains of the dead or to regard for the well-being of the living."

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

RIVER VOYAGE UP THE YENISEI.

We reached the entrance to the Kamin Pass on Oct. 10, and all of us got up at six in the morning so as not to miss any of it. I was very disappointed, for, though the finest sight we had yet seen on the river, the scenery was not nearly so imposing as I had been led to expect. Still, I suppose it is very grand for Siberia, which does not abound in big effects. For about half a mile, high but unpicturesque rocks rose precipitously from the swirling waters, their summits covered with dense forests of rigid pine-trees, which in themselves took away from the effect, so regularly did they grow—one of our party said it reminded him of the Hudson River. With the utmost difficulty the Phoenix managed to hold her own against the tremendous current, and, with the engines going at their utmost pressure, after eight hours' steaming got past the worst of the rapids, with all her barges in tow—an unprecedented feat in Yenisei navigation—and this notwithstanding her damaged propeller. In the meantime the little tug was having a *mauvais quart d'heure*—for, with her heavy barge, the stream proved too much for her powers—it was very different work to towing on the Thames, and, as ill-luck would have it, eventually ended by her being driven ashore some distance away from us, and in such shallow water that we could not get near enough to render her any assistance with the Phoenix. For two whole days all our available men were working at her before they were successful in getting her off. It was dreary work hanging about the deserted ship during this time, for all the boats were being used, so we could not get ashore, although an adventurous member of our party tried to fix up a raft, but was not successful beyond giving us a couple of hours' hard work in hauling the confounded logs on board again after his fruitless attempt. However, at last we got under way again, and arrived at the village of Worogoro, where we had to stop for wood. The village itself offered little of interest, but I had heard that a wealthy Tartar lived there, so was looking forward to seeing something quite startling and Asiatic in appearance, and had my sketch-book ready. Imagine my disappointment when there came on board what looked more like a middle-aged English butcher than anything else, even to wearing the usual sort of blue coat. There was absolutely nothing of the "Tartar" about him—he looked, on the contrary, a very mild and inoffensive sort of individual, very unlike what one used to conjure up in one's mind in the good old schoolboy days. Close to the village we saw the first cultivated ground we had seen since leaving Norway, in July. The next morning an accident happened as they were getting up anchor, and caused tremendous excitement. By some means the anchor dragged, and the ship, swinging round with the swift stream, caused the chain to slip from the capstan, and it ran out with such tremendous velocity that the capstan was absolutely smashed to pieces. For a moment all the men around were panic-stricken, and although, to my mind, there was absolutely no danger, as we were quite close to the shore, I saw the captain and the custom-house officer devoutly crossing themselves, and muttering prayers. Luckily, it all ended well, for we managed to recover the anchor and chain by means of the derrick, and the capstan was soon replaced by the carpenter, and we now began to congratulate ourselves that at last we should get fairly under way once more. But we were destined to undergo many more vexatious mishaps before we reached our journey's end. The tug, which all along had been unable to keep up with us, and had proved itself our "old man of the sea," not having turned up when we anchored the previous night, and there being no signs of her, a boatful of wood in charge of three men was sent back in case she had run short of fuel. To our great annoyance, she did not turn up in the morning—hour after hour passed by, and at last it was decided to leave the barges and run back to see what had happened. It was certainly most provoking, but the only thing to do. So back we went at a tremendous pace with the stream, and about ten miles off we came up with the laggard—anchored, as her fuel had run out. To our great astonishment we learnt that they had seen nothing of the boat with the wood we had sent them: it must then have passed them during the night, and they informed us their anchor light had gone out at one moment. So here was another delay, as we had now to go in search of this boat. Off we started, and another seven miles or so farther down we at last sighted it—much to our relief, for we were almost beginning to fear something had happened. The men, as ill-luck would have it, had evidently managed to pass the tug



SETTLEMENT OF THE "SKOPTCHI" (RELIGIOUS EXILES) AT SELIVANAKA, ON THE YENISEI RIVER.

during the night at the exact moment when its lantern went out. The day was nearly gone by the time we got back to the barges again. Still, as there was a moon rising, it was decided to proceed without further delay. The stream during the next few days was so swift that, with our broken propeller, we barely did two versts an hour; it was little better than standing still, and the vibration all over the ship was so great that it was impossible to read with comfort, still less to attempt to sketch or write. However, we were thankful to be making any headway at all, and to be able to pass a short time without any more mishaps. But our respite was not for long. We managed to run short of wood at some distance from the next "station," and, as we had on a previous similar occasion burnt up all our available spare timber, we had to stop and send the men ashore to cut down some trees. The water was so deep that although the Phoenix was drawing eight feet she was able to go so close in to the shore that we could put out a plank from her deck and walk off on to terra firma. Two of us took advantage of the opportunity to stretch our legs, and, taking our rifles, started on a ramble. The forest grew right down to the river's bank, and was almost impenetrable: dense underwood and huge fallen trees barred one's passage at every step, as though to warn one from endeavouring to penetrate too far into its gloomy recesses, while through the gaunt fir-trees the rushing wind seemed to moan and sob as though at the approach of winter. It was a dreary, uncanny sort of place, and thoroughly realised my idea of the wilds of Siberia—so much so, in fact, that one felt glad to get out of its mysterious twilight into the broad daylight again.

Our custom-house officer and the first engineer the next morning took their guns and started off in search of game: they arranged to be back in a couple of hours, in readiness for our departure, but when we were ready to start they had not reappeared. Two hours more passed, and still no signs of them. We began to get anxious, and kept the steam-whistle going incessantly, in case they did not know the time. When at last they were quite four hours late, we could come to no other conclusion but that they had lost themselves, or that

something had happened, so we immediately organised search-parties, and in a few minutes a dozen of us, fully armed, started off in different directions into the forest. It was a difficult task we had before us, and not unlike the proverbial "looking for a needle in a bundle of hay," as no one had the slightest idea which way the two men had taken. It was arranged that, as soon as they were found (for we seemed to have no doubt about it), the steam-whistle should be sounded four times as a signal to the other parties to return to the ship. Our satisfaction may easily be imagined when, half an hour or so afterwards, we heard the welcome sound which announced that what might have been yet another serious affair had come to a safe conclusion. On getting back, we saw the two men in a state of utter exhaustion: in fact, if one of the party who had found them had not had the forethought to take his flask of brandy with him, they would never have been able to get back without being carried, as they were dead-beat, having had nothing to eat that morning. They told us that they had come across a bear's trail, and in their excitement following it lost their way, and although they could hear the steam-whistle in the distance they could not localise the sound, and were actually going away rather than to it, as it appeared. They said they were on the point of giving in when they were found, for night was coming on, and they were famished with hunger and cold. We quite believed them, for they presented a pitiable appearance. They only had three damp matches and a few cartridges left, and had not even a compass to guide them. This bear-hunting experience will, therefore, probably teach them a lifelong lesson—not to venture into a dense and almost impassable forest without a compass and taking one's bearings on it beforehand. However, fortunately, as it happened, it was a case of "all's well that ends well," although another day had been lost. We were now getting well within touch of our destination, and on arrival at the village of Nasymoro, some eighty miles from Yeniseisk, sent a messenger on ahead with letters and telegrams with reference to Mr. Lee's death. He was a veritable messenger of death, and we felt what an awful shock it would be for his family. Still, it was better they should know of it before we arrived. This village, the last of importance we should stop at, was quite a big place, the principal street certainly being nearly a mile in length. There were several really good shops, in one of which, among a host of miscellaneous articles displayed, was a package of "Brook's Crochet Cotton." It was quite refreshing to see the English label. That evening we had our first touch of real cold, the thermometer going down to 20 deg. Fahr.—quite a respectable commencement, although none of our Russians seemed to think much of it. We now proceeded more rapidly, as the current was less swift, and we were looking forward to the speedy termination of the most tedious journey any of us had ever made. We began to count the hours which now separated us from civilisation, for the little town which we were now approaching seemed a sort of El Dorado after our cramped shipboard quarters. No further incident occurred, and at eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, Oct. 25, we anchored off Yeniseisk, the goal which we had so long been striving to reach, and which we had reached, in spite of all adverse prophecies, thus accomplishing the feat of landing an important cargo of British goods in the very heart of Siberia.

(To be continued.)



VILLAGE SCENE: MONASTYKIR, IN NORTHERN SIBERIA.

A description of the city of Yeniseisk, which stands just below the junction of the Yenisei with the Angara, a large river flowing through East Siberia from Irkutsk and Lake Baikal, is reserved to accompany our Artist's local Sketches, including those of the convict prisons. Mr. Julius Price travelled by land, early in December, from Yeniseisk to Krasnoyarsk, using the ordinary sledges on the post-road, and we have since heard from him at Irkutsk, the capital of East Siberia. The illustrations that are presented this week belong to the scenes and incidents of the long river voyage, in the Phoenix steamer, up the Yenisei, and most of those villages are much alike. There was more to see, indeed, at Werchheimbaksai, with its picturesque Russian church, Oriental in aspect, the green cupolas and white walls shining in bright sunshine, and the houses fronted with quaint wooden porches; also the large monastery of Turuchansk, described last week, has some architectural importance. Mr. Price, in his letter published a fortnight ago, mentioned his passing Selivanaka, one of the settlements appointed by the Russian Government for the residence of certain exiles, the singular religious fanatics called "Skoptchi," or "Skoptsi," also nicknamed "White Doves," whose practice of horrible self-mutilation could not be tolerated by the laws of any civilised nation.



VIEW AT WERCHHEIMBAKSKOI: STACKING WINTER FUEL.



STORING WINTER FORAGE ON ROOFS OF OUTHUSES.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



"PREPARING FOR THE CARNIVAL."

LITERATURE.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LETTERS.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

Letters and Correspondence of Cardinal Newman. Edited by Anne Mozley. Two vols. (Longmans.)—Cardinal Newman's bequest to his countrymen of this autobiography will neither exalt his character nor depress it, nor materially modify the views of those who have hitherto judged or misjudged him. But they will contribute much to deepen the impression which each man bears of Newman in his mind, and to infuse colour into those features of the portrait which have hitherto been beheld but in shadowy outline. In one point of view the character depicted is one of great simplicity and unity, in another it may be said to represent two Newmans—Newman the personality, and Newman the incarnate system. This impression is intensified from the circumstance that the first part of the work is autobiographic, and the second mainly a collection of correspondence. The autobiography, unfortunately interrupted at an early date, has all the transparency and candour which the delightful naïveté of the "Apologia" guarantees, but is much inferior in charm of style. Modesty, no doubt, led the Cardinal to follow Cæsar's example of speaking of himself in the third person. The method has its advantages, but does not conduce to vividness, and the diction might almost be termed bald. But Newman's was one of the souls that reveal themselves by their speech, and we now receive the impression of intercourse with a rare and delicate spirit, whose early experiences, in themselves nowise unusual, acquire a living interest from the magic of the writer's personality. School and college, teachers who help and teachers who hinder, the disastrous failure in the schools and the brilliant victory of the Oriel Fellowship, the first curacy and the first sermons, hold us with a spell as that of romance, due but slightly, as it seems, to the art of the writer, and almost wholly to the fascination of the man. Yet art must count for something, for when Newman no longer speaks for himself, as in the "Apologia" and here; when, instead of a carefully prepared pleading, we have only the facts of history and the evidence of his own letters, his character distinctly goes down. The saint is not effaced, but the portrait is curiously dimmed by the astuteness of the party chief. Ecclesiastical politics are plainly no more moral than secular politics. It is also plain that Newman, like most autobiographers, innocently conceived an ideal self, and wrote up to the model, up to which it was too hard to live.

Newman's life had an interval between the early purity and the later partisanship, when, like Goethe and so many other famous personages, he went forth for a space as a traveller, and returned a changed man. This portion of his life is beautifully and completely depicted in his letters from abroad, in 1832-3—by far the most attractive part of these volumes, as respects the charms of composition. They abound with lovely vignettes of scenery and choice passages of observation, models of simple energy and perfect adequacy of diction. Nor are they less interesting autobiographically. They show the potent stimulus of classical and early Christian associations to the mind of one who now beholds what he has hitherto only read and dreamed of. They indicate how impossible it was that he should ever be quite the same man again. A great poet or a great historian might have arisen out of such a ferment, but Newman's mind had already taken its bias, and whatever his intellectual system absorbed was straightway converted into Church. His excitement is continually finding vent in little lyrics, of various degrees of merit, but always spontaneous music. Then comes the illness so familiar from the "Apologia," most graphically narrated here. And now the romance of Newman's life is over, and he becomes the Tractarian leader, a part which he seems to us to have been singularly ill-fitted to enact.

The history of his leadership, so far as it can be told from his correspondence, occupies the whole of the second volume. The autobiographic voice is not wholly silent, for these letters, greatly to their advantage, have been revised and annotated by the aged Cardinal with an evident sincerity which absolves him from any charge of consciously embellishing his autobiography. It nevertheless remains true that his reputation diminishes when submitted to this infallible test. A truly great man would have seen that, though the principles for which he was contending might be very great, the arena of the contest was very small. Newman seems to have no suspicion of this, he takes everything seriously within his circle and ignores everything outside of it, and fatigues us with a succession of great storms in little teapots. An impartial perusal of this correspondence should prove the death-sentence of the Oxford movement, and convince anyone capable of apprehending the momentous issues which really were being fought out in other fields that, wherever the Spirit of the Lord may have been, it certainly was not here. From this point of view, the correspondence is significant: it is also of high value as a contribution to the history of Oxford and of the Church. It consists of a multitude of letters between Newman and his most intimate allies down to the time of his reception into the Church of Rome, becoming painfully scarce during the days of his self-ostracism at Littlemore. In one respect they are tragic: it is evident that he lived on and on in the hope that the authorities of his own Church would recognise him as its real hierophant, and that the ultimate discovery that they would not, could not, and ought not, all but broke his heart. It is clear, on his own showing, that he ought to have made up his mind to withdraw to Rome much sooner than he did; but it is equally clear that he did not make it up, and it would be cruel to criticise with asperity one placed in so exquisitely painful a situation. His coadjutors have no such claim upon our sympathies, and we cannot think that any of them will gain honour from this publication. There is zeal enough, of party spirit too much; but the note of sanctity is conspicuously absent. It is amazing that the late Dean of St. Paul's should have written, even at the age of twenty-six, the letter at pp. 227-32; but, on the other hand, it is most encouraging to find that such a Levite could develop into such a Dean.

The interest of this second volume consists very much in the delineation of one struggling with inevitable fate. Men did not think so at the time: now all can clearly see that no other solution was possible. This book works this phase of

Newman's life's drama fairly out, taking leave of him as a Protestant, and consigning him to other hands. If narrated with the same integrity as this most admirably executed work, the sequel of his history will unfold another mournful tale—of one carrying rich endowments and lofty aspirations where they were not wanted—shelved as an incumbrance while his intellectual power endured, shrined as a fetish after it had decayed, and deemed to be compensated for actual neglect by being puffed into an unreal and extravagant reputation. This particular reputation must perish, like all unrealities; but when the theologian and philosopher are forgotten, the prose poet and the man will remain, to be regarded by posterity, perhaps, as St. Augustine might have been had he written nothing but his "Confessions."

A TRANSLATION BY PRINCESS BEATRICE.

The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach: A True Story. Translated from the German of Emil Kraus by H.R.H. Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg. (John Murray.)—This is not the first literary publication for which English readers have to thank her Royal Highness, the youngest daughter of our Queen. The accomplishments of that illustrious lady are gladly recognised, and we can testify that she has made a very good translation of an interesting story. But the original, by Herr Emil Kraus, was published in Germany in 1887, and is a work freely open to independent criticism. Princess Beatrice is the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg; and Prince Henry of Battenberg's sister is married to Count Gustav von Erbach-Schönberg, a nobleman of ancient lineage in the Grand Duchy of Hesse. One of his ancestors, Count George Albert of Erbach, who became head of the family by the deaths of his elder brothers and their sons, is an historical figure of the seventeenth century. He bore his part, on the side of the German Protestant liberties, in the Thirty Years' War. In his early manhood, there is no doubt, he suffered captivity at Tunis among the Turks or Moors, the vessel in which he was returning from a visit to Malta being taken by the "Barbary pirates" on the coast of Sicily. Princess Beatrice, in her brief "Preliminary Notice,"

party, consisting of twelve Germans, from Rome to Naples, their friendly entertainment at Naples by Wolf Dietrich, the "Cupbearer" of Wetzhausen, diplomatic agent for several German Courts, and their voyage to Malta on board a returning frigate of the Grand Master's fleet, are described in a lively and characteristic manner. There is some humour in the sly tricks and disappointment of the avaricious parasite, old Baron Quadt, who is deprived of his board of gold doubloons by the custom-house officers at Messina. The dignified hospitalities and courtesies of the Knights of Malta, under Aloys de Vignacourt, their conventual living, their martial piety, and the imposing ceremonial of initiating novices to the Order, fill several interesting chapters. In the distressing captivity of the five Christian gentlemen—namely, Count George Albert, old Quadt and his son, and the two brothers Starschedel, the last badly wounded—our compassion is naturally excited. But there is an air of unreality about this part of the narrative. The Bey of Tunis, dwelling in the Bardo Palace, is named "Car Osman," an unusual Turkish name; and remembering, as we do, the once-popular ballad of "Lord Bateman," we are quite prepared to learn that

This Turk, he had one only daughter—

the beautiful Princess Selima, aged seventeen, whose dress of red and white satin and necklace of pearls Herr Emil Kraus is enabled to describe. The whole being "a True Story," we yet beg permission to disbelieve the fact that this young lady, unveiled and alone, was permitted by her Mussulman sire to hold long private conversations with George Albert, a slave who concealed his rank, and to play chess with him, pitying his condition, and wishing, for love's sake, to procure his release from bondage.

AN IRISH STORY.

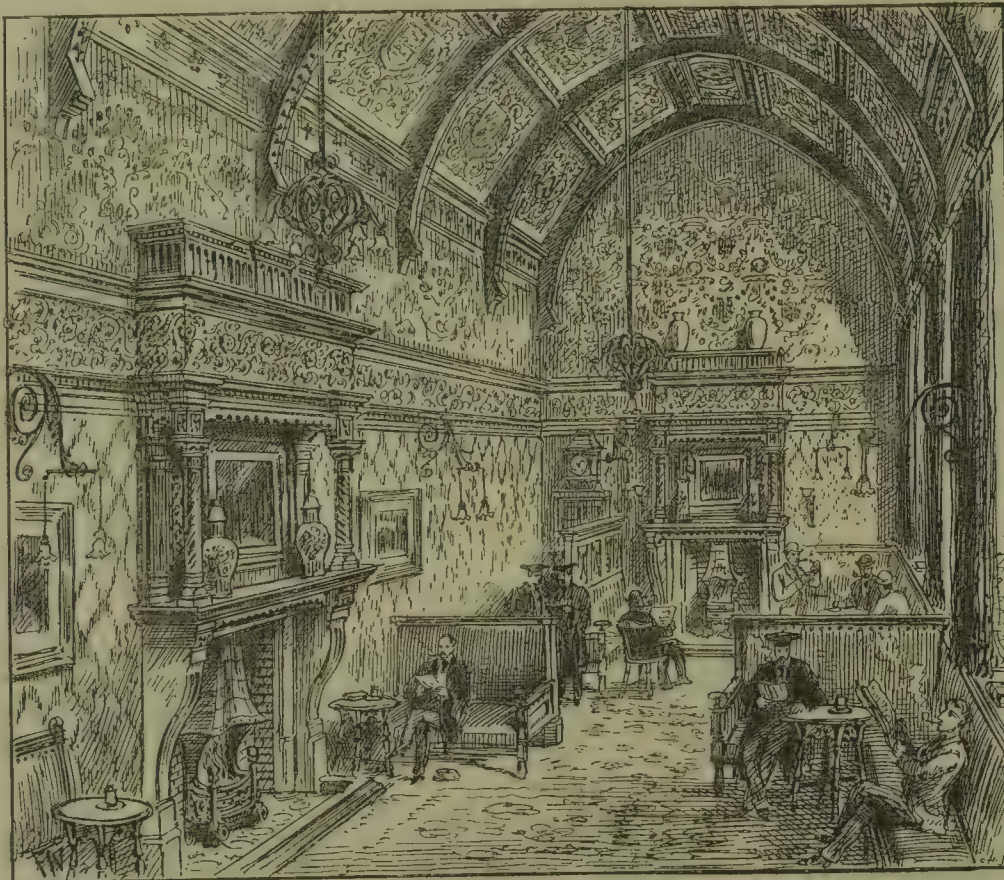
The Snake's Pass. By Bram Stoker. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This tale, in one volume, written by a gentleman well known in theatrical business circles, shows a fair degree of literary talent. It is happily free from allusions to contemporary Irish politics, the National League, or the Plan of Campaign.

A single case of harsh and grasping enforcement of the law, not by a landlord, however, but at the hands of a "gombeen man," or local usurer, one Murdock, foreclosing a mortgage on Phelim Joyce's farm, is the only symptom of agrarian grievance. The locality of the whole story is on the west coast of Mayo, not far, as we make out, from the famous mountain Croaghpatrick, where the patron saint of Ireland drove all snakes and other reptiles into the sea. Every Catholic and many Protestants have heard of that holy feat; but we learn here that the snakes, a prodigious multitude, were compelled to swarm over a hill named Knockalltecore, and to descend seaward through the ravine of Shleenanaher, which is thence called "The Snake's Pass." The romantic legends of that hill, where Joyce and the villain Murdock occupy adjacent holdings, are redolent of the imaginative spirit of ancient Celtic poetry. Did not the King of the Snakes, with a golden crown on his head, live there in a pool at the top of the mountain, then, and hold a dispute with St. Patrick? Is it not "The Mountain of the Lost Crown of Gold"? The Irish traditional historians, on the other hand, say that one of the ancient Kings, expelled by his enemies, left his crown and treasure, with an Ogham inscription, hidden in caves of the rock. The water of the pool gradually diminished, by outlets through fissures in limestone strata intermixed with the granite; it became a "shifting bog," which during long ages filled up the head of the ravine. At the modern date of this story, Murdock's land and part of Joyce's, on the western slope, are menaced by the descent of the shifting bog.

Here is an interesting situation; but there is another cause for Murdock's covetous eagerness to annex the better and safer land held on lease by his honest neighbour Joyce. This land includes a portion of the bog in which, at the time of the French invasion of Ireland under Hoche, after its defeat, two French soldiers were seen to bury an iron chest, supposed military treasure. Murdock, having made inquiries, resolving to search the bog for his own gain, has craftily ensnared Joyce with an offered loan of money, taking as security a written promise, on failure of repayment, to exchange the one farm for the other. A young English gentleman, Mr. Arthur Severn, happens to visit the country when Joyce gets notice of eviction, payment having been ready, but accidentally delayed. He witnesses a violent altercation, with a demonstration of popular sympathy in favour of Joyce. He falls in love with Joyce's brave daughter Norah, who has been educated in a convent school at Galway. Being rich, Arthur Severn would gladly help them; but Murdock, an Irish Shylock, insists on the letter of his bond. A young scientific engineer, Dick Sutherland, a college friend of Arthur's, is engaged by Murdock to explore the bog, using magnets to find the iron chest. Dick also falls in love with Norah, but generously gives way to his friend. The descriptions of moorland, bog, and cliff scenery, the rustic life and manners, the comic humour of Andy the car-driver, and other West of Ireland peculiarities, are remarkably good.

THE OXFORD UNION SOCIETY.

Our illustration shows part of the newly decorated smoking-room of the Oxford Union Society. The society was founded in 1823, and is the oldest and largest institution of the kind in Oxford, fulfilling the functions at once of a club and of a debating society. The membership consists of over ten thousand undergraduates and graduates. Weekly debates are held on Thursdays in the new Debating Hall, of which the foundation-stone was laid by the late Lord Iddesleigh, then Sir Stafford Northcote, in 1878. Among those who have held office are Lord Selborne, Cardinal Manning, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Goschen, and the present and late Prime Ministers. It was after an address given at the Union by Mr. Gladstone that a fund was started with the object of redecorating the rooms of the society. The fund, which amounts at present to £1700, obtained the patronage of her Majesty the Queen and of the Prince of Wales. Some £900 were spent on the redecoration of the smoking-room. Designs were prepared by Mr. Armitage, of Altrincham, and were accepted by the committee, of which Mr. A. G. V. Peel, of New College (son of the Speaker), was president, and Mr. C. T. Knaus, of Trinity College (now president), was treasurer.



THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE OXFORD UNION SOCIETY.

remarks that "the chief merit of the narrative lies in the fact of its having been compiled from the archives of the family to which it refers." But Herr Emil Kraus, in the German edition of 1887, supplies no preface or notes explaining how far his narrative is based on authentic records. We certainly have not access—probably her Royal Highness could obtain access—to the documents of manifold German family history which may be preserved by noble Houses, and which have never been printed.

Internal evidence is all that can guide our judgment to discern how much of this narrative is "a True Story." The Erbach archives would be likely to contain, at least, copies of the letters written in 1616 or 1617, by order of the young Count George Albert's widowed mother, to the travelling steward, List, or to Neipperg, the "governor" or tutor, accompanying the young Count in France. They would also contain some of the correspondence with Nuremberg financiers, agents of the States-General of Holland and of the Venetian Republic, the Elector Palatine, the Margrave of Brandenburg, and the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, concerning the ransom of the young Count. We should expect to find minutes of the important family council held at Breuberg, attended by the Countess Dowager Mary and her sons, Count Frederick Magnus of Fürstenau and Reichenberg, Count Louis of Freienstein and Erbach, Count John Casimir of Breuberg and Wildenstein, with delegates from the Margrave Ernest of Brandenburg, the Counts of Waldeck, and the local municipalities. So far, it cannot be doubted, Herr Emil Kraus must have been furnished with historical materials; but these compose the mere skeleton of his story. Descriptions of the famous establishment of those belated monastic crusaders, the Knights of St. John the Baptist in Malta, who held the island from 1530 to 1798, of their rules and rites, their religious discipline, exercises, and ceremonies, are abundant and exact in contemporary books. As for tales of the treatment of Christian captives in Barbary, how they were imprisoned and enslaved, how fabulous Moorish Princesses fell in love with them, and how they escaped with great riches, or just saved their lives with recovered liberty—this was a common theme of fiction, originally Italian, employed by many prose romance-writers of the Elizabethan age.

Herr Emil Kraus, as a modern novelist, was fully entitled to adorn the story of Count George Albert with such circumstantial additions; but the title-page must not persuade us to accept his composition altogether as a strictly "True Story." We are not informed that Count George Albert or any of his companions in misfortune left a written account of all their adventures in bondage at Tunis. The journey of the travelling

THE LATE CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.

The death of Mr. Bradlaugh deprives the House of Commons of one of its most strenuous and picturesque figures. The mere physical aspects of the man—his giant frame, his fighting face, lined deep with the traces of forty years of struggle, and remarkable for the short nose and overhanging lip, as well as for its unusual breadth and massiveness, his plain ill-cut clothes, worn with a certain stamp of character—were impressive, if they were not entirely engaging. To close acquaintances the more amiable sides of his personality, his courage, his courtesy, his strict commercial rectitude, and his rather gentle habits of speech, his simple amusements—fishing, fencing, chess, draughts, and billiard-playing (at all of which he was an expert)—revealed themselves by degrees. Mr. Bradlaugh was a poor man to the day of his death, and the most valuable possession he leaves behind him is the law library which lined the shelves of his plain working-room in Avenue-road, St. John's-wood, where he occupied the floor over a shop. Success had greatly mellowed him of late years, and the Bradlaugh of 1891, dying with the echo of friendly voices from the ranks of his opponents in his ears, was a different man from "Iconoclast," the aggressive, powerful, but shallow and self-assertive propagandist of Secularism and Republicanism—the man who struggled fiercely with the attendants of the House of Commons, and whose great physical strength was used on many a platform to bear down opposition or expel an intruder. Of late years he dropped all the more pronounced features of his advocacy. In the House of Commons he dealt in purely practical speeches, delivered in his sharp, pistol-shot style, but devoid of rancour, and showing an anxiety to conciliate his opponents and accept compromises. The result was that he became a genuine power—his chief exploits being the passing of the Truck Act, the amending of the Employers' Liability Act, the appointment of the Royal Commission on Market Rights and Tolls, the passage of the Oaths Act, and the partial settlement of the question of perpetual pensions. His individualist views developed, and the anti-Socialism of his later years gave a finishing touch of mildness and conventionality to a stormy career.

Mr. Bradlaugh came from the people, and retained to the last some habits of speech which marked him out as a Londoner of the humbler classes. His father was a solicitor's clerk, and he married the daughter of a plasterer. He was born to poverty in 1833, began life as an errand-boy in a lawyer's office, turned to coal-selling, with small success, and finally, at the age of seventeen, enlisted in the 7th Dragoon Guards, in which he served for three years, largely in Ireland. The turning-point of his life was his adoption of the Materialist creed, which he maintained to the day of his death. He had started as a Sunday-school teacher and a very fervid Christian, and a little timely tolerance might have preserved him as an advocate of his earlier views. His doubts, however, were somewhat harshly dealt with, and an intimacy with James Carille and his wife completed the bent of his inclination. He became an avowed freethinker, adopted the title "Iconoclast" for lecturing and writing purposes, so as to bring no scandal on his employer, and entered the lists as an advocate of a hard, logic-chopping, common-sense atheism, picking up his learning as he went, and showing increasing power as a platform speaker. He taught himself Latin, Greek, and superficial Hebrew, and he acquired a good deal of rough-and-ready law. The next critical period in his life was his editorship, conjointly with Mr. Barber, of the *National Reformer* (1860), which sprang from the *Investigator*, and which he edited to within a week of his death. To atheism he joined a profession of Malthusianism and Republicanism. His lecturing tours involved him in serious conflicts with the authorities, whom he contrived to keep at bay by an adroit mixture of physical force and legal dexterity. On one occasion he lectured from an open boat moored off Devonport to a vast audience standing on dry land; at other times he would use a chair as a movable platform, and address a series of snap speeches from various parts of a moving crowd.

His Republicanism gave him a place in advanced politics in France and Spain, and his attack on the "House of Brunswick" pointed him out as the popular leader of the Republican party in this country. In 1880 he succeeded in securing election for Northampton, and then began a memorable constitutional conflict. Avowing himself an atheist, Mr. Bradlaugh asked to be allowed to affirm. A Committee of the House decided against him. He then asked to be allowed to take the oath. Again the decision was adverse to his claims, and the House finally barred him, by a resolution passed in June 1880, from both these courses. Mr. Bradlaugh advocated his claims with wonderful vigour and eloquence, and at length took the extreme course of swearing himself. He advanced rapidly up the floor of the House, swore himself from a Testament, and signed a roll which he produced. Finally he was expelled by force, and lodged in the Clock Tower; and, in spite of repeated re-elections at Northampton, he remained in that position during the 1880 Parliament, excluded from all but the "precincts" of the House. In 1885 the opposition died down, and he was allowed to take his seat—the last phase of the struggle being the unanimous decision of the House to expunge the excluding resolution, while the man against whom it was aimed lay stretched on his death-bed. Meantime, Mr. Bradlaugh had fought a continuous battle in the Law Courts, and had won it.

As a debater, he was unfair and somewhat narrow, but excelled in lawyer-like deftness of retort, while his extraordinary speaking voice (perhaps the most powerful in England), his cleverness in handling figures, and his simple, nervous, terse style, gave him singular advantages over all kinds of opponents. To the last he maintained himself by lecturing and by his pen. His health steadily declined since 1889, and successive illnesses wore down a frame of iron. He was buried at Woking on Feb. 3.

Messrs. F. Warne and Co. will shortly issue the English edition of Major Casati's work "Ten Years in Equatoria, and the Return with Emin Pasha," which will be published in two large volumes, containing nearly 200 original illustrations and several valuable maps. Major Casati writes of a period extending from a date prior to General Gordon's appointment as Governor-General of the Soudan to the return of Mr. Stanley's expedition. He treats fully the scientific geography of Central Africa, and gives very important particulars on meteorological and anthropological matters, and on the various political systems of government existent in Central Africa.

VERSES OF OCCASION.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

In the great modern rush of books, when volume eclipses volume as swiftly as ladies do other ladies at a Drawingroom, there is something very pleasant in coming across an old favourite who has escaped the general *degringolade*, who returns and who means to stay, since it has secured its access of Apollo's Court. No *débutante* who steps upon her train or fails to withdraw her right glove ever made a more unlucky slip at the threshold than was made, on its first appearance, fourteen years ago, by the delightful collection called "Lyra Elegantiarum." Its editor, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson (then and long afterwards merely Mr. Locker), had been enamoured, as all lovers of lapidary verse must be, of the clear and chiselled occasional poetry of Landor, and had freely adorned his pages with it. Unfortunately, the late John Forster possessed the copyright of these verses, and the lyre of the Graces found its strings rudely broken. In other words it had to retire, under threat of an injunction, and reappear with all the Landor citations removed.

Much less than this would have killed a poorer book, but what must have greatly annoyed Mr. Locker at the time has now become a mere historical incident. His "Lyra Elegantiarum" survives, and, as it was the first collection of these lighter poems, it remains the best. A new edition* comes to us from Messrs. Ward and Lock with all the Landor pieces

elegance, of wit, of the "tasteful moderation" of which Mr. Locker-Lampson speaks. To tell the truth, it has rather been, I suspect, the desire to leave not unrepresented the early half of the seventeenth century which has seduced the editor into giving us so many pretty lyrics that more properly belong to Mr. Palgrave. That intimate note of personality without emphasis, that buoyant philosophy and social grace with which Mr. Locker-Lampson deals, hardly show themselves in England in their modern form before the Restoration. The lighter muse of the age of Elizabeth appears dressed in scarlet taffetas, embroidered in gilt moons, like a queen in a masque at Court. The poems we expect in this volume are quieter in costume, and have a general air of Gainsborough about them.

This trifling objection to the scope of the selection means no more than to draw attention to the inevitable difficulty which attends the making of such a garland. No one can say where the wild flowers end and where the garden-flowers begin, or lay down a hard line between straight-laced nature and artifice in a *negligée*. There is a central chamber in the house of occasional verse which is entirely filled with what is properly called *vers de société*. Many efforts have been made to form an exclusive definition of this species, but hitherto without great success. It comprises, we know, a majority of Mr. Locker-Lampson's poetry, but only a small part, and that not the best, of Mr. Austin Dobson's. Præd is its most abundant master, and Prior, among the English, almost its inventor. Calverley scarcely touches it, nor Hood; Landor very seldom attempts it; Byron but once or twice. On the other hand, Cowper cultivated it with success, and Gray, and, in later times, Haynes Baily and Fitzgerald achieved frequent, and at length almost mechanical, triumphs in it. It presupposes a society which is not literary society, but the quintessence of what constitutes a London season. Its pathos has to be secondary and allusive, its compliments such as can be shown to all the world. It celebrates the semi-publicity of an exclusive fashionable circle. Its parentage has been described with inimitable adroitness:—

Apollo made, one April day,
A new thing in the rhyming way;
Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;
Then Momus gave a touch satiric,
And it became a "London Lyric."

But when we pass outside the narrow limits of the pure *vers de société* we find ourselves greatly puzzled for a definition. There is the riot of puns and crackling rhymes, of which Hood is the laureate. There is Calverley, the contortionist of language, with his astonishing feats on the tightrope of prosody. There is Thackeray, genial and Bohemian, lounging in the ale-house at Limavaddy or eating *Bouillabaisse* at Terrés. The pensive and stately elegance of Landor, Cowper in nightcap and slippers, the authors of squibs and parodies and nonsense rhymes, of epitaphs and epigrams and epistles—under what general heading and defined by what exclusive rules can we treat this body of miscellaneous verse, which ranges from the serious melody which just wavers into intimacy of expression and the rattle of rhymes which is mere buffoonery? What has "Huzza! Hodgson, we are going" in common with "In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining," except that each is admirable? What links Præd's "Vicar" with the "Jumbies" of Edward Lear? The distinction is as wide, in proportion, as that between "Hamlet" and a Border ballad. Yet all these miscellaneous varieties and a dozen more find shelter under the general heading—"Verses of Occasion."

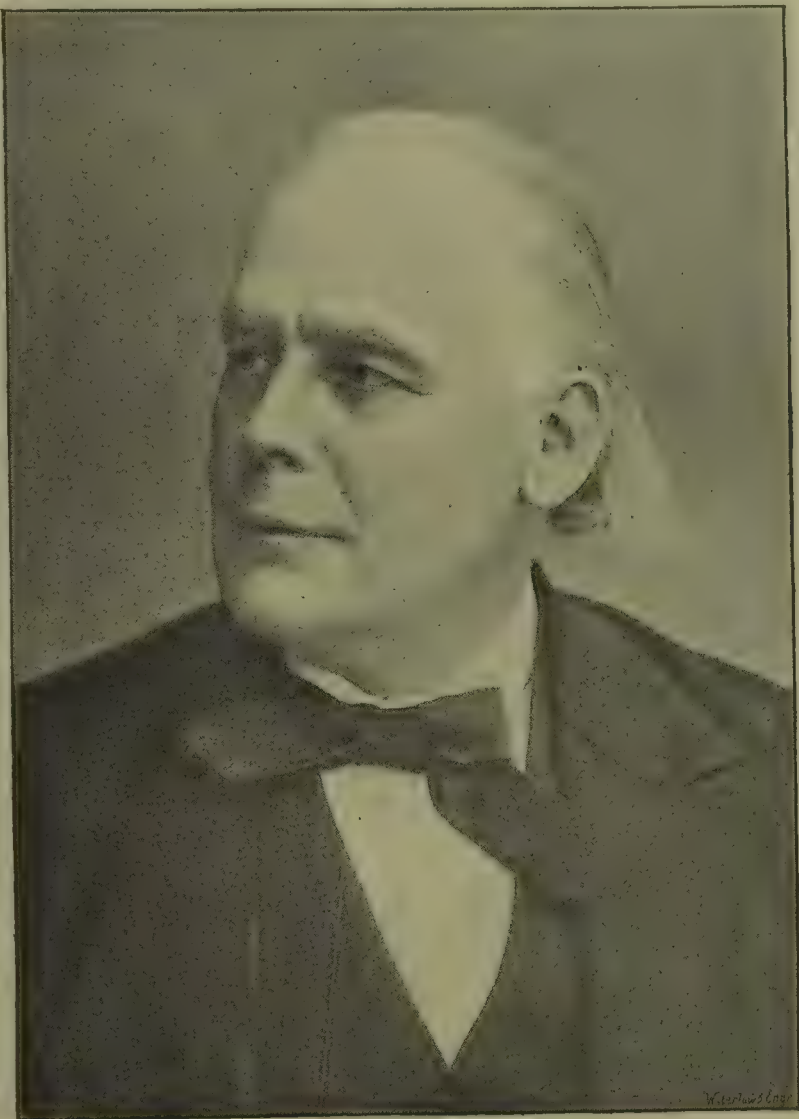
One point in the preface needs modification, but perhaps the editor was not the man to do it. Mr. Locker-Lampson "trusts that he has gathered together nearly all the occasional verse of real merit in the English language." When these words were written, in 1867, the condition of that verse was very different from what it now is, but even then the words "by deceased writers" needed to be introduced. Since then Mr. Locker's own poetry has increased in volume, and greatly in inspiration; Mr. Austin Dobson in one field and Mr. W. S. Gilbert in another, widely distinct, have produced what is hardly to be excelled in any part of the volume before us. As far as Mr. Locker himself is concerned, we do not know that it has ever been sufficiently observed how much deeper in feeling and richer in texture his later verse has been than were those merely mundane and Præd-like numbers by which he first won the ear of the public. He has written less for society, perhaps, but more for himself and for the world. These, however, are reflections for a very distant editor of the "Lyra Elegantiarum."

Among the nineteenth-century poets whose names occur in this new edition for the first time, I am glad to welcome W. J. Prowse, although, if but one piece could be included here, I would much have preferred "The Beautiful City of Prague" or "On bat le Rappel" to "My Lost Old Age," which is not quite worthy of him. It may serve to remind a few of us how rapidly time is passing, to realise that more than twenty years have passed since the beautiful talent of Prowse was finally submerged, leaving but a poor wreckage on the shores of literature, one little volume of remains, which used to knock about on every stall, and now is among the rarest of rare books. Hung to a slender thread, the name of Prowse will subsist when many formidable reputations have fallen into oblivion. His place will be in the anthologies, attached to three or four lyrics which bear the stamp of his pathetic personality. He will live for the nineteenth century, much as John Collins does for the eighteenth. Almost the only slip, by the way, which I notice in this well-edited collection is that, on page 217, "In the downhill of life" is still attributed to a vague "—Collins."

It is not in all moods that we can appreciate the more solemn and strenuous accents of poetry. We need a certain preparation of mind to enjoy Spenser or Dryden. To read Milton is an undertaking for saints' days and solemn festivals. Even the great poets of our own age are not for tired men to dip into at the close of the afternoon, or for women to turn over for ten minutes amid the cares of the household. But occasional verse makes no serious claim upon us. It sympathises with fatigue and anticipates distraction. Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum" is a book to open at random. We may twist Præd a little, and say that—

Its talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slips from politics to puns,
And veers from Mahomet to Moses.

There are few pages here that do not contain something gay and delicate; and, if nothing is very profound, all, at least, is cheerful, graceful, and well-bred.

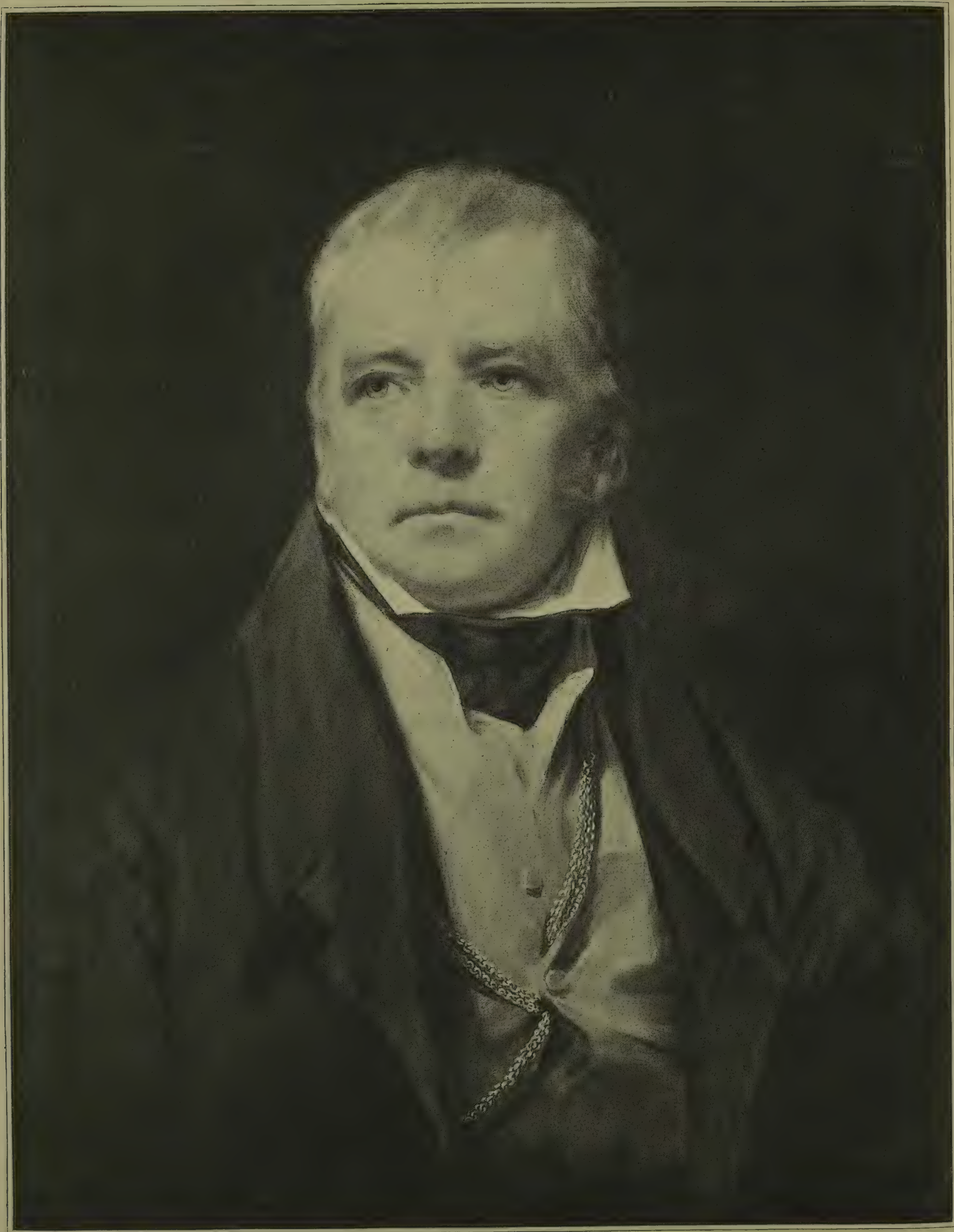


THE LATE MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.

reinserted, and with much that is new added. Mr. Locker-Lampson has been helped in this republication by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, who has entered into the elegant spirit of the editor, and has continued his labours with taste and judgment. The result justifies a critic more than ever in insisting that to the lighter lyre this volume is what Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is to the serious and passionate sections of English verse. Where so many skilful hands have tried to produce rival anthologies, these two, each in its own class, preserve their unquestionable supremacy.

If there were any part of this delightful body of cheerful and well-bred poetry which one could bring oneself to wish absent, it would be some of the seventeenth-century lyrics. Sir Philip Sidney's "My true love hath my heart" is one of the most exquisite lyrics that friendship between men has provoked; "Wrong not, sweet Empress of my heart," whether Raleigh wrote it or no, is a marvellously sincere and winning statement of an honest passion; the "When Love with unconfined wings" of Lovelace is the sturdiest and brightest of what Browning calls "Cavalier Tunes." But none of these seems to me to come within the category which Mr. Locker-Lampson defines with admirable lucidity in his preface. Ben Jonson's "Charis" is a brilliant bit of fancy, and Carew's "Inquiry" the prettiest of amorous conceits, but neither is "marked by tasteful moderation." Herrick's songs are exquisite, but not "in the conversational key." If I had the happiness to discuss this matter personally with Mr. Locker-Lampson, I should venture to point him to Chaulieu's verses as possessing, notwithstanding their superficial likeness to Herrick's, just that difference which illustrates my objection. If Chaulieu had been an Englishman, he would have fitted exactly into Mr. Locker-Lampson's definition: twist Herrick as we will, his verse does not quite slip roundly into the round hole. In Herrick, simple and picturesque as the expression is, it is occupied by what is really passion, though subdued to humble forms. In Chaulieu there is no passion, but all is the outcome of

* Lyra Elegantiarum: A Collection of some of the best Social and Occasional Verses by Deceased English Authors. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Edited by Frederick Locker-Lampson. "Minerva Library." Ward and Lock.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PORTRAIT BY RAEBURN, IN THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.



THE most extraordinary dream I ever had was one in which I fancied that, as I was going into a theatre, the cloak-room attendant stopped me in the lobby, and insisted on my leaving my legs behind me.

I was not surprised—indeed, my acquaintanceship with theatre harpists would prevent my feeling any surprise at such a demand, even in my waking moments—but I was, I must honestly confess, considerably annoyed. It was not the payment of the cloak-room fee that I so much minded. I offered to give that to the man, then and there. It was the parting with my legs that I objected to.

I said I had never heard of such a rule being attempted to be put in force at any respectable theatre before, and that I considered it a most absurd and vexatious regulation. I also added that I should certainly write to the *Times* about it.

The man replied that he was very sorry, but that those were his instructions. People complained that they could not get to and from their seats comfortably, because other people's legs were always in the way; and it had, therefore, been decided that, in future, everybody should leave their legs outside.

It seemed to me that the management, in making this order, were clearly beyond their legal right; and, under ordinary circumstances, I should have disputed it. Being present, however, more in the character of a guest than in that of a patron, I hardly liked to make a disturbance; and so I sat down and meekly prepared to comply with the demand.

I had never known, before that, that the human leg did unscrew. I had always thought it was a fixture. But the man showed me how to undo them, and I found that they came off quite easily.

The discovery did not surprise me any more than the original request that I should take them off had done: nothing does surprise one in a dream. I dreamed once that I was going to be hanged, and I was not a bit surprised about it. Nobody was!

The children, having acquired a taste for daubing the concoction about, will try to paint the cat.

But into dreamland knowledge and experience enter not. They stay without, together with the dull, dead clay of which they form a part, while the freed brain, released from their narrowing tutelage, bounds through the ebon gate of sleep to wanton at its own sweet will through the formless realms of thought.

Nothing that it meets with in that eternal land astonishes it, because, unfettered by the dense conviction of our waking mind, that naught outside the ken of our own vision can, in this universe, be, all things to it are possible, and even probable. In dreams, we fly, and wonder not; except that we never flew before. We go naked, yet are not ashamed; though we mildly wonder what the police are about that they do not stop us. We converse with our dead, and think it was unkind that they did not come back to us before. In dreams, there happens that which human language cannot tell. In dreams, we see "the light that never was on sea or land," we hear the sounds that never yet were heard by waking ears.

It is only in sleep that true imagination ever stirs within us. Awake, we never imagine any thing: we merely alter, vary, or transpose.

We give another twist to the kaleidoscope of the things we see around us, and obtain another pattern, but not one of us has ever added one smallest piece of new glass to the toy.

A Dean Swift sees one race of people smaller, and another race of people larger, than the race of people that live down his own street. And he also sees a land where the horses take the place of men, and men take the place of horses. A Bulwer Lytton lays the scene of one of his novels inside the earth instead of outside. A Rider Haggard introduces us to a lady whose age is a few years more than the average woman would care to confess to, and pictures crabs larger than the usual shilling or eightpenny size. The number of so-called imaginative writers who visit

the moon is legion, and for all the novelty that they find, when they get there, they might just as well have gone to Putney. Others are continually drawing for us visions of the world one hundred or one thousand years hence. There is always a depressing absence of human nature about the place—so much so

People complained that they could not get to and from their seats comfortably, because other people's legs were always in the way; and it had, therefore, been decided that, in future, everybody should leave their legs outside.

My relations came to see me off, I thought, and to wish me goodbye. They all came, and were all very pleasant, but they were not in the least astonished—not one of them. Everybody appeared to regard the coming tragedy as one of the most naturally to be expected things in the world.

They bore the calamity, too, with an amount of fortitude that would have done credit to a Spartan father. There was no fuss, no scene. On the contrary, an atmosphere of mild cheerfulness prevailed.

Yet they were very kind. Somebody—an uncle, I think—left me a packet of sandwiches and a flask of whisky, in case I should feel peckish on the scaffold.

It is "those twin jailers of the daring" thought, knowledge and experience, that teach us surprise. We are surprised and incredulous when we come across good men and women in novels and plays, because knowledge and experience have taught us how rare and problematical is the existence of such people. In waking life, my friends and relations would, of course, have been surprised at hearing that I had committed a murder, and was, in consequence, going to be hanged, because knowledge and experience would have taught them that, in a country where the law is powerful and the police alert, the Christian citizen is usually pretty successful in withstanding the voice of temptation prompting him to commit crime of an illegal character.

Emily's father will firmly but quietly lead that ill-starred yet true-hearted young man to the public side of the garden gate; and the engagement will be "off."

that one feels great consolation in the thought, while reading, that we ourselves shall be comfortably dead and buried before the time arrives—everybody is good and clean and happy, and all the work is done by electricity.

There is usually too much electricity, for my taste, about these Utopias. One is reminded of those pictorial enamel-paint advertisements that one sees about so often now, in which all the members of an extensive household are represented as gathered together in one room, spreading enamel paint over everything they can lay their hands upon. The old man is on a step-ladder, daubing the walls and ceiling with "cuckoo's egg green," while the maid of all work is on her knees, painting the floor with "sealing wax red." The old lady is doing the picture-frames in terra-cotta. The eldest daughter and her young man are making sly love in a corner over a pot of "high art yellow," with which, so soon as they have finished wasting their time, they will, it is manifest, proceed to elevate the piano. Younger brothers and sisters are busy overlaying the chairs and tables with "strawberry jam pink" and "jubilee magenta." Every mortal thing in that room is being coated with enamel paint, from the sofa to the fireirons, from the sideboard to the eight-day clock. If there is any paint left over, they will use it up for the family bible and the canary.

It is claimed for this invention that a little child can make as much mess with it as a grown-up person can, and so all the children of the family are represented in the picture as hard at work, enamelling whatever few articles of furniture and household use the grasping selfishness of their elders has spared to them. One is painting the toasting-fork a "skim-milk blue," and another is giving æsthetical value to the dutch-oven with a new shade of art green. The boot-jack is being renovated in "old gold," and the baby is sitting on the floor, doing its own cradle in "flush-upon-a-maiden's cheek peach colour."

One feels that the thing is being overdone. That family, before another month is gone, will be among the strongest opponents of enamel paint that the century has produced. Enamel paint will be the ruin of that once happy home. Enamel paint has a cold, glassy, cynical appearance. The sight of it all over the place will begin to irritate the old man in the course of a week or so. He will call it "This d—d sticky stuff," and will tell the wife that he wonders she didn't paint herself and the children with it, while she was about it. She will reply, in an exasperatingly quiet tone of voice, that she does like that—perhaps he will say next that she did not warn him against it, and tell him what an idiot he was making of himself, spoiling the whole house with his foolish fads. Each one will persist that it was the other one who first suggested the absurdity, and they will sit up in bed and quarrel about it every night for a month.

The children, having acquired a taste for daubing the concoction about, and there being nothing else left untouched in the house, will try to paint the cat; and then there will be bloodshed and broken windows and spoiled infants and sorrows and yells. The smell of the paint will make everybody ill, and the servants will give notice. Tradesmen's boys will lean up against places that

are not dry, and get their clothes enamelled and claim compensation. And the baby will suck the paint off its cradle, and have fits.

But the person that will suffer most will, of course, be the eldest daughter's young man. The eldest daughter's young man is always unfortunate. He means well, and he tries hard. His great ambition is to make the family love him. But fate is ever against him, and he only succeeds in gaining their undisguised contempt. The fact of his being "gone" on their Emily is of itself, naturally, sufficient to stamp him as a "soft" in the eyes of Emily's brothers and sisters. The old man finds him slow, and thinks the girl might have done better; while the best that his future mother-in-law (his sole supporter) can say for him is that he seems steady.

There is only one thing that prompts the family to tolerate him, and that is, the reflection that he is going to take Emily away from them.

On that understanding they put up with him.

The eldest daughter's young man, in this particular case, will, you may depend upon it, choose that exact moment when the baby's life is hovering in the balance, and the cook is waiting for her wages with her box in the hall, and a coal heaver is at the front door with a policeman, making a row about the damage to his trousers, to come in, smiling, with a specimen pot of some new high-art, squashed-tomato shade enamel paint, and suggest that they should try it on the old man's pipe.

Then Emily will go off into hysterics, and Emily's father will firmly but quietly lead that ill-starred yet true-hearted young man to the public side of the garden gate; and the engagement will be "off."

Too much of anything is a mistake, as the man said when his wife presented him with four new healthy children in one day. We should practise moderation in all matters. A little enamel paint would have been good. They might have enamelled the house inside and out, and have left the furniture alone. Or they might have coloured the furniture and let the house be. But an entirely and completely enamelled home—a home such as enamel-paint manufacturers picture on their advertisements, over which the yearning eye wanders in vain, seeking one single square inch of unenamelled matter—is, I am convinced, a mistake. It may be a home that, as the advertisements assure us, will easily wash.

It may be an "artistic" home, but the average man is not yet educated up to the appreciation of it. The average man does not care for high art. At a certain point, the average man gets sick of high art.

So, in these coming Utopias, in which our unhappy grandchildren will have to drag out their colourless existence, there will be too much electricity. They will grow to loathe electricity.

Electricity is going to light them, warm them, carry them, doctor them, cook them, execute them if necessary. They are going to be weaned on electricity, rocked in their cradles by electricity, slapped by electricity, ruled and regulated and guided by electricity, buried by electricity. I may be wrong, but I rather think they are going to be hatched by electricity!

In the new world of our progressionist



And the young men and maidens without called to them to come back and play the man with bow and spear, and win sweet smiles from rosy lips, and take their part amid the feast and dance.

teachers, it is electricity that is the real motive power. The men and women are only marionettes—worked by electricity.

But it was not to speak of the electricity in them, but of the originality in them, that I referred to these works of fiction. There is no originality in them whatever. Human thought is incapable of originality. No man ever yet imagined a new thing—only some variation or extension of an old thing.

The sailor, when he was asked what he would do with a fortune, promptly replied: "Buy all the rum and baccy there is in the world."

"And what after that?" they asked him.

"Eh?"

"What would you buy *after* that? After you had bought up all the rum and tobacco there was in the world—what would you buy then?"

"After that!—Oh!—Um!" (a long pause) "Oh!" (with inspiration) "Why, more baccy!"

Rum and tobacco he knew something of and could therefore imagine about. He did not know any other luxuries, therefore he could not conceive of any others.

So, if you asked one of these Utopian dreaming gentry what, after they had secured for their world all the electricity there was in the universe, and after every blessed thing in their ideal Paradise was done and said and thought by electricity, they could imagine as further necessary to human happiness, they would probably muse for awhile, and then reply, "More electricity."

They *know* electricity. They have seen the electric light, and heard of electric boats and 'busses. They have possibly had an electric shock at a railway station for a penny.

Therefore, knowing that electricity does three things, they can go on and "imagine" electricity doing three hundred things, and the very great ones among them can imagine it doing three thousand things, but for them—or anybody else—to imagine a new force, totally unconnected with and different from anything yet known in nature, would be utterly impossible.

Human thought is not a firework, ever shooting off fresh forms and shapes as it burns: it is a great tree, growing very slowly—you can watch it long and see no movement—very silently, unnoticed. It was planted in the world many thousand years ago, a tiny, sickly plant. And men guarded it and tended it, and gave up life and fame to aid its growth. In the hot days of their youth they came to the gate of the garden and knocked, begging to be let in and to be counted among the gardeners. And the young men and maidens without called to them to come back and play the man with bow and spear, and win sweet smiles from rosy lips, and take their part amid the feast and dance—not stoop, with wrinkled brows, at weaklings' work. And the passers-by mocked them and called shame; and others cried out to stone them. And still they stayed there labouring—that the tree might grow a little—and died, and were forgotten.

And the tree grew fair and strong. The storms of ignorance passed over it, and harmed it not. The fierce fires of superstition soared around it, but men leapt into the flames and beat them back, perishing, and the tree grew.

With the sweat of their brow have men nourished its green leaves. Their tears have moistened the earth about it. With their blood have they watered its roots.

The seasons have come and passed, and the tree has grown and flourished; and its branches have spread far and high, and ever-fresh shoots are bursting forth and opening out, and ever-new leaves unfolding to the light. But they are all part of the one tree—the tree that was planted on the first birthday of the human race. The stem that bears them springs from the gnarled old trunk that was green and soft when white-haired Time was a little child, the sap that feeds them is drawn up through the roots that twine and twist about the bones of the ages that are dead.

The human mind can no more produce an original thought than a tree can bear an original fruit. As well might one cry for an original note in music as expect an original idea from a human brain.

One wishes our friends the critics would grasp this simple truth, and leave off clamouring for the impossible, and being shocked because they do not get it. When a new book is written, the high-class critic opens it with feelings of faint hope, tempered by strong conviction of coming disappointment. As he pores over the pages, his brow darkens with virtuous indignation, and his lip curls with the god-like contempt that the exceptionally great critic ever feels for everybody in this world who is not yet dead. Buoyed up by a touching but totally fallacious belief that he is performing a public duty, and that the rest of the community are waiting in breathless suspense to learn his opinion of the work in question, before giving any judgment concerning it themselves, he, nevertheless, wearily struggles through about a third of it. Then his long-suffering soul revolts, and he flings it aside with a cry of despair.

"Why, there is no originality whatever in this," he says. "This book is taken bodily from the Old Testament. It is the story of Adam and Eve all over again. The hero is a mere man! with two arms, two legs, and a head (so called); why, it is only Moses's Adam under another name! And the heroine is a mere woman! and she is described as beautiful and as having long hair. The author may call her 'Angelina,' or any other name he chooses, but he has evidently, whether he acknowledges it or not, copied her direct from Eve. The characters are barefaced plagiarisms from the Book of Genesis! Oh! to find an author with originality!"

One spring I went a walking tour in the country. It was a glorious spring. Not the sort of spring they give us in these miserable times, under this shameless Government—a mixture of east wind, blizzard, snow, rain, slush, fog, frost, hail, sleet, and thunder-storms—but a sunny, blue-skied, joyous spring, such as we used to have regularly every year when I was a young man, and things were different.

It was an exceptionally beautiful spring, even for those golden days; and, as I wandered through the waking land, and saw the dawning of the coming green, and watched the blush upon the hawthorn hedge, deepening each day beneath the kisses of the sun, and looked up at the proud old mother trees, dandling their myriad baby buds upon their strong fond arms, holding them high for the soft west wind to caress as he passed laughing by, and marked the primrose yellow creep across the carpet of the woods, and saw the new flush of the fields, and saw the new light on the hills, and heard the new-found gladness of the birds, and heard from copse and farm and meadow the timid callings of the little new-born things wondering to find themselves alive, and smelt the freshness of the earth, and felt the promise in the air, and felt a strong hand in the wind, my spirit rose within me. Spring had come to me also, and stirred me with a strange new life, with a strange new hope. I too was part of

Nature, and it was spring! Tender leaves and blossoms were unfolding from my heart. Bright flowers of love and gratitude were opening round its roots. I felt new strength in all my limbs. New blood was pulsing through my veins. Nobler thoughts and nobler longings were throbbing through my brain.

As I walked, Nature came and talked beside me, and showed me the world and myself, and the ways of God seemed clearer.

It seemed to me a pity that all the beautiful and precious thoughts and ideas that were crowding in upon me should be lost to my fellow-men; and so I pitched my tent at a little cottage, and set to work to write them down then and there as they came to me.

"It has been complained of me," I said to myself, "that I do not write literary and high-class work—at least, not work that is exceptionally literary and high class. This reproach shall be removed. I will write an article that shall be a classic. I have worked for the everyday reader: it is right that I should do something now to improve the literature of my beloved country."

And I wrote a grand essay—though I say it who should not, though I don't see why I shouldn't—all about spring, and the way it made you feel, and what it made you think. It was simply crowded with elevated thoughts and high-class ideas and cultured wit, was that essay. There was only one fault about that essay—it was too brilliant. It wanted commonplace relief. It would have exhausted the ordinary reader—so much cleverness would have wearied him.

I wish I could remember some of the beautiful things in that essay, and here set them down, because then you would be able to see what they were like for yourselves, and that would be so much simpler than my explaining to you how beautiful they were. Unfortunately, however, I cannot now call to mind any of them.

I was very proud of this essay, and when I got back to town I called on a very superior friend of mine, a critic, and read it to him.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"Splendid!" he replied.

"What do you think of it?" I asked when I had finished.

"Splendid," he replied, "excellently arranged. I never knew you were so well acquainted with the works of the old writers. Why, there is scarcely a classic of any note that you have not quoted from."

"But where—where," he added, musing, "did you get that last idea but two from? It's the only one I don't seem to remember. It isn't a bit of your own, is it?"

He said that, if so, he should advise me to leave it out. Not that it was altogether bad, but that the interpolation of a modern sentence among so unique a collection of passages from the ancients seemed to spoil the scheme.

And he enumerated the various dead and buried gentlemen from whom he appeared to think I had collected my article.

"But," I replied, when I had recovered my astonishment sufficiently to speak, "it isn't a collection at all. It is all original. I wrote the thoughts down as they came to me. I have never read any of these people you mention—except Shakspeare."

"Of course, Shakspeare was bound to be in it. I am getting to dislike that man so. He is always being held up before us young authors as a model, and I do hate models. There was a model boy at our school, I remember, Henry Summers, and it was just the same there. It was continually, 'Look at Henry Summers! He doesn't put the preposition before the verb, and spell business b-i-z!' or, 'Why can't you write like Henry Summers? He doesn't get the ink all over the copy-book and halfway up his back!' We got tired of this everlasting 'Look at Henry Summers!' after a while, and so, one afternoon, on the way home, a few of us lured Henry Summers up a dark court. And, when he came out again, he was not worth looking at."

Now it is perpetually, "Look at Shakspeare! Why don't you write like Shakspeare! Shakspeare never made that joke! Why don't you joke like Shakspeare?"

If you are anything in the play-writing line it is still worse for you. "Why don't you write plays like Shakspeare's?" they indignantly say. "Shakspeare never made his comic man a penny steam-boat captain." "Shakspeare never made his hero address the girl as 'ducky.' Why don't you copy Shakspeare?" If you do try to copy Shakspeare, they tell you that you must be a fool to attempt to imitate Shakspeare.

Oh! shouldn't I like to get Shakspeare up our street, and punch him.

"I cannot help that," replied my critical friend—to return to our previous question—"the germ of every thought and idea you have got in that article can be traced back to the writers I have named. If you doubt it, I will get down the books, and show you the passages for yourself."

But I declined the offer. I said I would take his word for it, and would rather not see the passages referred to. I felt indignant. "If," as I said, "these men—these Platos and Socrateses and Ciceros and Sophocleses and Aristophaneses and Aristotles, and the rest of them—had been taking advantage of my absence to go about the world spoiling my business for me, I would rather not hear any more about them."

And I put on my hat and came out, and I've never tried to write anything original since.

I dreamed a dream once. (It is the sort of thing a man would dream, you can't very well dream anything else, I know, but the phrase sounds poetical and biblical, and so I use it!) I dreamt that I was in a strange country, indeed, one might say an extraordinary country—it was ruled entirely by critics!

The people in this strange land had a very high opinion of critics—nearly as high an opinion of critics as the critics themselves had, but not, of course, quite—that not being practicable—and they had agreed to be guided in all things by the critics. I stayed some years in that land, but it was not a cheerful place to live in, so I dreamt.

There were authors in this country at first, and they wrote books, but the critics could find nothing original in the books

Went off and hoed potatoes, as advised.

whatever, and said it was a pity that men, who might be usefully employed hoeing potatoes, should waste their time, and the time of the critics, which was of still more importance, in stringing together a collection of platitudes, familiar to every schoolboy, and dishing up old plots and stories that had already been cooked and recooked for the public until every body was surfeited with them.

And the writers read what the critics said, and sighed, and gave up writing books, and went off and hoed potatoes, as advised. They had had no experience in hoeing potatoes, and they hoed very badly, and the people whose potatoes they hoed strongly recommended them to leave hoeing potatoes, and go back and write books. But you can't do what everybody advises.

There were artists, also, in this strange world, at first, and they painted pictures, which the critics came and looked at, through eyeglasses.

"Nothing whatever original in them," said the critics; "same old colours, same old perspective and form, same old sunsets, same old sea and land and sky and figures. Why do these poor men waste their time painting pictures, when they might be so much more satisfactorily employed on ladders, painting houses?"

Nothing, by-the-by, you may have noticed, troubles your critic more than the idea that the artist is wasting his time. It is the waste of time that vexes the critic; he has such an exalted idea of the value of other people's time. "Dear, dear me," says he to himself. "Why, in the time, the man must have been painting this picture or writing this book, he might have blacked fifteen thousand pair of boots, or have carried fifteen thousand hods of mortar up a ladder. This is how the time of the world gets lost."

It never occurs to him that, but for that picture or book, the artist would, in all probability, have been mouching about with a pipe in his mouth, getting into trouble.

It reminds me of the way people used

to talk to me when I was a boy. I would be sitting as good as gold reading "The Pirates' Lair," when some cultured relative would look over my shoulder and say, "Bah! what are you wasting your time with that rubbish for? Why don't you go and do something useful?" and would take the book away from me. Upon which I would get up and go out, to "do something useful"; and would come home an hour afterwards, looking like a bit out of a battle picture, having tumbled through the roof of Farmer Bates's greenhouse and killed a cactus, though totally unable to explain how I came to be on the roof of Farmer Bates's greenhouse. They had much better have left me alone with "The Pirates' Lair."

The artists, in this land of which I dreamt, left off painting pictures after hearing what the critics said, and purchased ladders, and went off and painted houses.

Because, you see, this strange land of which I dreamt was not one of those vulgar, ordinary countries, such as exist in the waking world, where people let the critics talk as much as ever they like, and nobody pays the slightest attention to what they say. Here, in this strange land, the critics were taken seriously, and their advice followed.

As for the poets and sculptors, they were very soon shut up. The idea of any educated person wanting to read modern poetry, when he could get Homer, or caring to look at any

"They were very soon shut up."

other statue, while there was still some of the Venus de Medicis left, was too absurd. Poets and sculptors were only wasting their time.

What new occupation they were recommended to adopt I forget. Some calling they knew nothing whatever about, and that they were totally unfitted for, of course.

The musicians tried their art for a little while, but they too were of no use. "Merely a repetition of the same notes in different combinations," said the critics. "Why will people waste their time in writing unoriginal music, when they might be sweeping crossings?"

One man had written a play. I asked what the critics had said about him. They showed me his tomb.

Then, there being no more artists, or *littérateurs*, or dramatists, or musicians left for their beloved critics to criticise, the general public of this enlightened land said to themselves, "Why should not our critics come and criticise us? Criticism is useful to a man."



"Tut! tut!" they would reply; "there is nothing extraordinary about that child—no originality whatever."

found fault with the sun because of the sameness in his methods.

They criticised the babies. When a fresh infant was published in a house the critics would call in a body to pass their judgment upon it, and the young mother would bring it down for them to sample.

"Did you ever see a child anything like that in this world before?" she would say, holding it out to

them. "Isn't it a wonderful baby? You never saw a child with legs like that, I know. Nurse says he's the most extraordinary baby she ever attended. Bless him!"

But the critics did not think anything of it.

"Tut! tut!" they would reply; "there is nothing extraordinary about that child—no originality whatever. Why, it's exactly like every other baby—bald head, red face, big mouth, and stumpy nose. Why, that's only a weak imitation of the baby next door. It's a plagiarism, that's what that child is. You've been wasting your time, Madam. If you can't do anything more original than that, we should advise you to give up the business altogether."

That was the end of criticism in that strange land.

"Oh, look here, we've had enough of you and your originality," said the people to the critics, after that. "Why, you are not original, when one comes to think of it, and your criticisms are not original. You've all of you been saying exactly the same thing ever since the time of Solomon. We are going to drown you, and have a little peace."

"What! drown a critic?" cried the critics. "Never heard of such a monstrous proceeding in our lives."

"No, we flatter ourselves it is an original idea," replied the public brutally. "You ought to be charmed with it. Out you come."

So they took the critics out and drowned them, and then passed a short Act making criticism a capital offence.

After that the art and literature of the country followed somewhat the methods of the quaint and curious school; but it was a much more cheerful place to live in, I dreamt.

But I never finished telling you about the dream in which I thought I left my legs behind me when I went into a certain theatre.

I dreamt that the ticket the man gave me for my legs was No. 19, and I was worried all through the performance for fear No. 61 should get hold of them, and leave me his instead. Mine are rather a fine pair of legs, and I am, I confess, a little proud of them—at all events, I prefer them to anybody else's. Besides, No. 61's might be a skinny pair, and not fit me.

It quite spoilt my evening, fretting about this.

Another extraordinary dream I had was one in which I dreamt that I was engaged to be married to my Aunt Jane. That was not, however, the extraordinary part of it: I have often known people to dream things like that. I knew a man who once dreamt that he was actually married to his own mother-in-law. He told me that never in his life had he loved the alarm clock with more deep and grateful tenderness than he did that morning. The dream almost reconciled him to being married to his real wife. They lived quite happily together, for a few days, after that dream.

No; the extraordinary part of my dream was that I knew it was a dream. "What on earth will uncle say to this engagement?" I thought to myself in my dream. "There's sure to be a row about it. We shall have a deal of trouble with uncle, I feel sure." And this thought quite troubled me, until the sweet reflection came, "Ah, well; it's only a dream!"

And I made up my mind that I would wake up as soon as Uncle found out about the engagement, and leave him and Aunt Jane to fight the matter out between themselves.

It is a very great comfort, when the dream grows troubled and alarming, to feel that it is only a dream,

and to know that we shall awake soon and be none the worse for it. We can dream out the foolish perplexity with a smile then.

Sometimes the dream of life grows strangely troubled and perplexing, and then he who meets dismay the bravest is he who feels and knows that the fretful play is but a dream—a brief, uneasy dream of three score years and ten, or thereabouts, from which, in a little while, he will awake, to recall its terrors dimly with a smile.

Only the pain and sorrow are so real, and the dream is so long, and the waking so far off.

How dull, how impossible, life would be without dreams—waking dreams, I mean—the dreams that we call "castles in the air," built by the kindly hands of Hope. Were it not for the mirage of the oasis, urging his footsteps ever onward, the weary traveller would lie down in the desert sand and die. It is the mirage of distant success—of happiness that, like the bunch of carrots fastened two inches beyond the donkey's nose, seems always just within our reach, if only we will gallop fast enough—that makes us run so eagerly along the road of life.

Providence, like a father with a tired child, lures us ever along the way with tales and promises, until, at the frowning gate that ends the road, we shrink back, frightened. Then, promises still more sweet he stoops and whispers in our ear, and timid, yet partly reassured, and trying to hide our fear, we gather up all that is left of our little stock of hope, and, trusting, yet half afraid, push out our groping feet into the darkness.

Have we not often been told so? Look how useful it has been to the artists!—saved the poor fellows from wasting their time. Why shouldn't we have some of its benefits?"

They suggested the idea to the critics; and the critics thought it an excellent one, and said they would undertake the job with pleasure. One must say for the critics that they never shirk work. They will sit and criticise for eighteen hours a day, if necessary—or even if quite unnecessary, for the matter of that. You can't give them too much to criticise. They will criticise everything and everybody in this world. They will criticise everything in the next world, too, when they get there. I expect old Pluto has a lively time with them all, as it is.

So, when a man built a house, or a farmyard hen laid an egg, the critics were asked in to comment on it. They found that none of the houses were original. On every floor were passages that seemed mere copies from passages in other houses. They were all built on the same hackneyed plan—cellar underneath, ground floor level with the street, attic at the top—no originality anywhere!

So, too, with the eggs. Every egg suggested reminiscences of other eggs.

It was heartrending work.

The critics criticised all things. When a young couple fell in love, they each, before thinking of marriage, called upon the critics for a criticism of the other one.

Needless to say that, in the result, no marriage ever came of it.

"My dear young lady," the critic would say, after the inspection had taken place, "I can discover nothing new whatever about the young man. You would simply be wasting your time in marrying him."

Or to the young man it would be, "Oh dear no! Nothing attractive about the girl at all. Who on earth gave you that notion? Simply a lovely face and figure, angelic disposition, beautiful mind, stanch heart, noble character! Why, there must have been nearly a dozen such girls born into the world since its creation. You'd be only wasting your time loving her."

They criticised the birds for their hackneyed style of singing, and the flowers for their hackneyed scents and colours. They complained of the weather that it lacked originality (true, they had not lived out an English spring), and





HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY AN INDIAN MONKEY.

DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

ON SOME DIFFICULTIES OF THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

BY WALTER BESANT.

His difficulties begin at the outset. He is filled with yearnings for literature; he longs to write—even he! But what shall he write? How is he to find his own line? So he hesitates, trying this way and that. He strikes out first in one direction and then in another; he is checked and headed back. Perhaps he gives in, disgusted with failure; perhaps he perseveres, and presently finds—himself. When that remarkable discovery is made, he too often discovers, further, that his plane of action is a good deal lower than he had at first thought: he must be content with small things. In this initial difficulty no one can help the young writer. He must help himself. He must be left alone.

He is, next, ignorant of the *technique*. He does not know there are any rules to be observed in the various branches of the literary art. Very often he works quite by himself, and has no one who can advise him. Or he is ashamed of his own ambitions, and is too proud to seek advice. Or he has been badly educated—because literary ambitions seize others besides the men who have taken a first class in honours—and has little understanding of style. Or the only models accessible to him are bad, old-fashioned, misleading, so that he begins with standards which he must presently change. How long was it before Richard Jefferies arrived at the style of the "Pageant of Summer"? Not till after failures many and heart-breakings grievous, because he started with ignorance of his own powers and ignorance of his own limitations: ignorance of style, construction, dramatic effect, taste, everything with which the first-class man is equipped. The beginner, if he does not become a total wreck upon these rocks of ignorance, wastes his youth and early manhood, which should have yielded the first and fairest harvest—more beautiful are the roses of June than the yellow sheaves of August—in failures, because of his ignorances. Even such apparently simple things as length, division, arrangement, proportion of parts, have to be found out somehow. Mostly, the young man learns them, as the child learns to walk, by repeated tumbles. Yet these are things which may be taught. They are the rudiments of Literary Art; they are, in a sense, mechanical; they belong to the use of the tools.

I remember, a great many years ago, being then a lad at King's College, London, how a certain Professor gave us a few lectures on Rhetoric. It was the first insight that I had obtained into the technical part of literature. These lectures laid open things which, having been up to that time an omnivorous but an uncritical reader, I had never before suspected. For the first time I understood the building-up and marshalling of argument, orderly sequence, illustration, example, metaphor, repetition designed which seemed accidental, figures of speech which also seemed accidental, and all those things which one had hitherto accepted as belonging somehow by genius to the books which ravish one away. I then heard that these things may be learned by anyone who has the natural aptitude, just as anyone may learn Integral Calculus if he can understand it. In other words, I found out that for the writer, as well as for the orator or the artist, there are methods, and the choice of methods, which may be taught and must somehow be learned. Now, if a young man can learn these things early and as a part of his equipment, he may be saved a great deal of bitterness and of disappointment.

The next difficulty is his choice of a subject. If he wants to write a play, or to tell a story, or to make a poem, all the subjects seem to have been taken up already and all the types used; nothing left for the new generation. The world is saddled, he says, with the weight of the past. The great men gone by have abused their position and grabbed everything: they might have left something. Everything used—everything done already. While he considers this difficulty, one who regardeth not the past, but concerns himself with the present, steps to the front, and, lo! quite a new work, with new types of character, new situations, and new scenes. For, though the men of the past may seem to have taken up every possible situation in the Human Comedy, as a matter of fact they have taken up no more than the situations of their own time. The present belongs to those who live, not to the dead. The present produces every day new situations, and develops every day new characters. Charles Reade so well understood this that he had extracts made from the papers every day, and arranged and classified them in books. Those who have eyes to see may find stories in every police-court, characters in every street, situations in every daily paper. But this the young writer has to learn. Perhaps he never quite succeeds in learning it. Perhaps he will go on all his life neglecting the gold that lies at his feet, running after the end of the rainbow, and wondering why he cannot catch it.

The subject is the difficulty. What shall he take? If he will write an essay he chooses something big: something that requires age and experience and knowledge of the world, none of which he possesses: something that requires readers to get outside their grooves. Then he fails, and he wonders why. Meantime, some man, no better than himself, steps in with a bundle of essays on subjects that a young man can treat and that the world likes to read about—and conquers that world. In literature, as in everything else, that man succeeds who catches time by the forelock. He who would lead the age must first be led by the age. This means that he who cannot feel the forces which act upon his generation is not in touch with his fellows, and can never hope to move them. The successful writer must have sympathy in himself, or he could never win the ear of the world. Especially is this to be observed in fiction. One must be of the age: one must feel the things that other men feel: one must speak to them of the things of which they are thinking. A thousand useful reforms might be proposed, a thousand anomalies might be suggested; but, unless men's minds are turned that way, it is useless. What made "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a success? Because the whole English-speaking world of the time were thinking, talking, and writing of slavery. Why was "Alton Locke" so successful? Because the author handled one of the most absorbing subjects of the day. But the novelist is, perhaps, contented to amuse: he will produce a work that shall please, and nothing more. Still, unless he soars into the regions of pure romance, he must take his materials from the world around him. Even in the simplest love-story the setting must be real, and drawn from nature. "Only give me a subject!" cries the young man. Let him look into the first house he pleases, and there he will find a subject if he has eyes and ears and a heart and a voice.

Suppose, however, that the young man has got over some of his difficulties, that he has actually written something and has got his precious manuscript—how precious no one knows who has not gone through the experience—ready for the printer, two greater difficulties await him. Most young men are not conscious of the first, being wholly occupied with the second. The first—the unseen—difficulty is this. Young authors may be divided into two classes—the class which has the gift of words, and the class which has the gift of speech. Many there

are who possess the former, but few the latter. He who has the gift of words can write. It is a fatal gift, because it makes the possessor think that he can speak. He cannot refrain from writing; if he writes essays and articles, they neither suggest nor inform, nor do they advance the subject; if poems, they are echoes and memories; if fiction, the treatment is imitative and conventional—a most fatal gift, and becoming more common every day. He who can speak, however, is the rare creature whose vocation was given to him at the beginning: he can see the people and catch the voice of the present; and he can interpret what he sees and hears. That is the gift of speech.

The second difficulty is to get his work put before the world. First he tries the leading publishers. They refuse it, coldly but courteously. Their courtesy gives him hope. He next—this is an invariable rule—falls into a fatal error. He says: "If the great houses refuse me, the smaller ones may take me." As if a thing which is unsaleable by one merchant should become of solid value to another, when there is but one public or body of purchasers. The smaller houses refuse, of course, for the same reason as their richer brethren. At last he falls into the hands of a benevolent person who offers to produce his work, if he will pay £50, £60, £100, and to give him, the author, half the enormous profits. He advances the money: he thinks it is only lending it for a while. Alas! There never are any profits: there never are any sales: the money never comes back again. You see, the author has the gift of words, and he thought he had the gift of speech.

These are some of the difficulties of the young author. Hitherto no machinery has been in existence which would help him over these rocks. Something has been devised during the last twelve months which may be of use. It is a new departure, and it promises to grow and to become really serviceable. It is not a school for novelists; it is simply a department of the Society of Authors, to which a young writer can send a manuscript for such examination and criticism as a student can expect from his private coach. No amount of teaching or critical opinion can convert the man who has the gift of words into the man who has the gift of speech. But if the latter can be saved a few years of failure and of useless effort by means of a little timely advice in the elementary things, the world should be the richer by the loss of many worthless books, and the literary aspirant would be the happier by knowledge gained and experience saved.

A QUEEN'S JUBILEE PUBLIC HALL.

At Queensbury, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, on Saturday, Jan. 17, Mr. A. B. Foster opened the new building shown in our Illustration. It is a handsome gift to the public from the



NEW JUBILEE LECTURE-HALL AND READING-ROOM, AT QUEENSBURY, NEAR BRADFORD.

firm of which he is the senior partner. It has been erected in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, at the sole cost of Messrs. John Foster and Son. It is an imposing structure, comprising a concert-hall, lecture-hall, reading-rooms and smoking-rooms, library, and dining-rooms. There is also a large swimming-bath, with other baths, adjoining the hall.

A MONKEY HIGHWAY ROBBER.

Indian monkeys are bold and mischievous in the neighbourhood of some native villages. A correspondent at Ahmedabad, in Guzerat, three hundred miles north of Bombay, tells a droll little story of what he saw in a morning stroll. There was a small boy, about twelve years old, carrying a basket of the edible vegetable called "brinjals" to his parents' house for breakfast. In passing the house of the local policeman, this urchin was impudently attacked by a highway robber not in due fear of the law and its penalties for theft. This was a huge male blue-faced ape, which suddenly emerged from the trees, rushed on the boy, and seized two of the brinjals. The youngster's cries and screams brought out the constable with his bâton; the monkey was too quick for him, and, leaping on the roof of his cottage, began to eat the ill-gotten fruit, with contemptuous gestures of scorn and defiance. We have a sketch of this ludicrous scene. In many parts of India the monkeys are a great pest. They are privileged and protected around Hindoo temples, one species—the Radjakada—with a black beard, especially being regarded as a descendant of Hanuman, the fabulous monkey-god, an incarnation of Siva, whose exploits are related in the famous mythological romance of the "Ramayana," where he commands an army of monkeys assisting the hero, Rama, to march through the forests of Southern India, to defeat the King of the giants, to recover the captured wife of Rama, and to conquer the island of Lanka, or Ceylon. At the sacred city of Benares, the monkeys have a special temple and grove for their own abode.

The German Emperor is said to have presented to Queen Victoria a sketch of her Majesty's ship Thunderer, drawn by himself.

A terrible disaster occurred on Jan. 29 in the township of Athamania, in Greece, eighty houses in the place being totally wrecked by an avalanche. The inmates were buried beneath the ruins, and twenty-five persons are known to have been killed, many others receiving serious injuries.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Conversing lately with a friend who had spent some years in Australia, he remarked that certain headaches from which he had suffered were due to his having been "moon-struck" while sleeping out at night in the bush. He further added that it was his belief that, no matter in what position one went to sleep under such circumstances, on awaking, the face of the sleeper was found turned towards the moon. I felt much interested in my friend's account of his belief and experiences, and I make bold to appeal to any of my readers who may have passed through similar experiences to furnish me with accounts thereof. I believe the idea of "moon-stroke" is current among travellers and squatters at large; if so, it may prove interesting to hear the opinions of observers on the point. I should like to know, first, What is the belief really entertained regarding the effects of moon-stroke? Second, How and what influence is supposed to be exerted by the moon on the sleeper? Third, What effects are believed to result from the "stroke"? And fourth, the personal experience and actual observations of any of my readers upon moon-struck persons—themselves or others.

Of course, one knows of many quotations from ancient and modern literature regarding beliefs in the influence of the moon on human beings. "Moon-struck madness" is Milton's expression. "She comes more nearer earth than she was wont, and makes men mad" is Othello's declaration. The Psalmist speaks of the moon as prevented from "striking by night"; and the old idea of lunacy as, etymologically at least, related to the orb of night affords another illustration of the widespread nature of the idea that the earth's satellite is capable of exercising a baneful influence upon the sons of men. It may be interesting, therefore, if we can investigate the facts of "moon-stroke," presuming that it represents a real condition and not merely a legendary effect transmitted unchanged, as are so many old notions, from classic or even savage ages downwards to these days of light and leading. By the way, I have heard it also argued that meat exposed to the rays of the moon, or fish so exposed, acquired poisonous properties. This is, perchance, a belief which owes its origin to the general opinion of the moon's baneful action on life at large. Perhaps any readers who favour me with replies may be able to substantiate or disprove the latter belief.

Mr. Rider Haggard in one of his novels makes a certain person advise another that he should never eat the rind of Dutch cheese. "I know," adds the adviser; and what is left unsaid after that laconic declaration leads to the belief that there must be something peculiarly nasty about the outer investment of the comestible in question. As nobody, of my acquaintance at least, ever eats the rind of Dutch (or any other) cheese, the advice would appear to be somewhat gratuitous—only, I confess, I am not well instructed in the practical evolution of the cheese of Holland. The remark about Dutch cheese reminds me that, appropriately enough, the Royal Academy of Science at Amsterdam has been concerning itself over a certain affection to which the beloved natural product appears to be subject. This malady of the cheese is called "blue illness," and there is also an analogous trouble which, it appears, affects glue, and is called "black glue." Once again, the ailments are traceable to the ever-present germ. The germ in question is a Bacterium, which is a dainty feeder, in that it can alone live where it is supplied with nitrogenous matter, and this food, of course, the casein of cheese and the gelatin of glue duly afford. It develops a dark-blue colouring matter, and a dark-brown pigment as well. In its native state, in which it inhabits ditches and ground water, its reproductive powers are very active; but when the Bacterium is cultivated at a temperature of from 15 deg. to 20 deg. (Centigrade), its vitality is weakened. I do not know whether science is able to help the cheesemakers in this calamity; but probably the Amsterdam Academy may discover, as did Pasteur in other cases, an antidote to this intrusive and cheese-loving microbe.

Now that milder weather prevails, and that one can take a comfortable retrospective view of the terrible frosts that prevailed in and near London in December and early January, we find the histories of past frosts being detailed for our edification. The curious fact remains that, 400 miles north from London, middle Scotland was experiencing the mildness of spring when the Metropolis was bemoaning an Arctic infliction; and a correspondent informs me that in the Orkney Islands the weather has been mild and pleasant in character. What have the meteorologists to say to this? I trust we are not once again going to be put off, in our thirst for information, by the casual reference to the "eccentricity of the Earth's orbit." The year 1814, I observe, is named as the last parallel for the late frost. At Gordon Castle, near the Moray Firth, the temperature in January 1814 was 27.0 deg.; in December of last year it was 36.5 deg.

Inland places, of course, suffered most severely—a feature of all low winter temperatures. The great differences (e.g., from Fraserburgh, with 0.3 deg. below the mean, to Dungeness, with 8.1 deg., on the East Coast, and from Inverness, with 1.4 deg., to Oxford, with 11.0 deg. inland) in the frost as regards locality, I observe, are to be attributed to the high atmospheric pressure prevailing to the east and north-east of our islands, and specially over Russia and Scandinavia. The pressure rose above 31.00 inches now and then, and barred the way to the "usual easterly course of the cyclones from the Atlantic over North-Western Europe." Western Europe has been overrun with Polar winds from the N., N.E., and E., and to them we owe the frost and chill, and the long array of obituary announcements, especially among old folks, which the newspapers have chronicled of late from day to day.

I picked up recently a pamphlet advocating the claims of accident insurance in the interests of the Scottish Accident Insurance Company, and in the course of my perusal of this brochure I came upon several highly interesting examples of the unusual in the way of the calamities that overtake the just and unjust alike. Indeed, after reading the pamphlet, one is apt to shiver at the bare idea of cutting one's nails or of brushing one's locks. These two domestic duties, I find, were respectively the cause of accidents to the toe and the eye respectively; while the "mazy dance" gave a sprained ankle; a pen carelessly held, inflicted a wound of the eye; a jug of water breaking, scalded another case; and lighting a vesta resulted in a nice little burn on the forefinger. The solatium doubtless consoled these unfortunates; and, next to the wisdom of insuring against death and against accidents, I should say comes the recommendation that everybody should be taught ambulance principles, so as to enable assistance to be at once rendered to all who may be in danger of life or limb.

THE LETTER BURNERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A new sect, more or less religious, the Letter Burners, may be expected to swell the census of societies. The members, who belong to all classes, sexes, and professions, bind themselves to burn every letter they receive within twenty-four hours of its arrival. Letters on business, containing stipulations and agreements, are not, of course, included, nor are invitations, which it is desirable to retain as *pièces de conviction*, in case the host or guest makes an error about dates. But the Letter Burners destroy all familiar, all amorous, all friendly, and all unfriendly epistles, except when these are needed in suits for libel—not even yet an everyday need.

The Letter Burners have not come to this resolution without thought, without balancing the advantages of keeping and of destroying letters. They are very well aware that many collections of letters are among the gems of literature. Had they been Madame de Grignan or Cowper's friends, or the intimates of Burns, or of Byron, or of Cicero, and had they destroyed their correspondence, then the world would have lost a great deal of pleasure and instruction. But the Letter Burners say that no one at present conspicuously wears the mantle of Cicero, of Cowper, of Madame de Sévigné, of Chesterfield. The great letter-writers of the past wrote letters as part of literature. They took pains to be diverting; to express themselves well, just as Thackeray, because he could not help it, was never more master of his own style than in the letters to Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield. These, however, he never thought would be published; in him the man and the style could not be separated. But they can very easily be separated when a modern author sits down to address a friend. He has no thought of posthumous publication; he takes no pains, after he ceases to be quite young; and, though his letters may be rich in tattle, they do not represent him fairly. Thus the Letter Burners hold that, in the present condition of manners, whoever may write good letters, literary men do not. They cannot afford to throw away time and "copy." The case of Prosper Mérimée and his "Lettres à une Inconnue" may be quoted on the opposite side. To this the Letter Burners reply that, even if Mérimée were an exception, they are obliged to act, not on exceptions, but on general principles. They add that it is many years since Mérimée died, and that his letters have been much over-praised, and are not so very good after all. They are indifferent to the author's long descriptions of his symptoms, his maladies, his hypochondria. Mérimée could not have wished all those passages to be published, and the belief of the Letter Burners is, that one never can trust the discretion of an editor. Not to dwell on an outworn and disagreeable topic, it may be said that, in their orgies, they hurl things at a bust of Mr. Froude, and crown the effigies of several contemporary biographers with waste-paper baskets. They remark that Mr. Fitzgerald's letters were admirable, Mr. Fitzgerald being a man of the old school, at once devoted to literature and possessed of leisure. Yet they doubt if all the enjoyment which his epistles gave balanced the pain produced by one accidental and unconscious slip on the part of his editor. To be brief, the Letter Burners do not think that many letters are worth keeping. They see that, if all letters were burned, no epistles of living men could be sold at five shillings a piece as "autographs" by unscrupulous booksellers. Nor could perfectly private expressions of opinion come to be handed round and bartered in the amateur autograph exchange, and finally blurted out to the world by "the New Journalism." The sweet security dreamed of by the Letter Burner can never be ours till all mankind joins the association. They aim at founding a universal religion. On their altars the flames will never be extinguished, but always fed with fresh letters. They know that the day may never come when all men—and still less will it come when all women—bring their documents to cremation. But something may be done, even in the present. People who write to the Letter Burners will know that they are doubly safe, for the first rule of the society is "Never show a letter," the second is "Burn all letters." To show a letter to a third person without the writer's permission is a breach of confidence. Either the third person learns, perhaps, to his entertainment, what he was never meant to know, or, what more frequently happens, he is terribly bored by the undesired privilege conferred on him. "The man who reads his wife's letters is a brute," says the sage; "the woman who wants her husband to read her letters is a bore." Many and many a brief would never have fallen to the learned in the Court of Probate and Divorce if men and women had only joined the Letter Burners. They expect to enjoy receiving much more humorous, entertaining, and, I may add, more affectionate epistles than other people, because they will be recognised as perfectly safe. They do not act on a motto ascribed to the Duke of Wellington: "Write nothing, and burn nothing." They burn everything, and, as they only write to each other, all is burned. The Duke, by the way, broke the first part of his own rule. We have all heard how a lady tried to extort money from him by threatening to publish his correspondence, and how he answered: "Dear Fanny,—Publish, and be d—d!"

The safe and charmingly free intercourse between Letter Burners is not the only good result of their society. Their biographies, as long as they only correspond with each other, can never be written in the modern manner. At present the biographer is lurking in wait for at least every man whose name is in "Men of the Time." That is a considerable percentage of human beings, and they, having flourished before our society was instituted, may be quite certain that their dismal old letters will be given to the public. The work of the biographer, in future, will be made less easy to him. Gum or pins and scissors will not do all that is needful. There will be fewer biographies, and the society ventures to think that, if it had done no more than this, it would have well deserved the applause and the subscriptions of the community. The trade of novelists will improve. At present the novelist is crowded out of the market by biographies all full of letters in which there is nothing of interest. But the public keeps expecting some private items "palpitating with actuality." This is what it generally does get—the victim of the biographer may be a General, a poet, a reviewer, a bishop, a diner-out, a philanthropist, or what you please—"Dearest Alicia,—There is quite a large party here. The Cloudsleys, the Bingham, the Welbores of the Barrow, Lord Cinqbars, Miss Dobbin, Young Struggles, and I know not how many more. Bingham has been very entertaining. I have asked him to shoot at Christmas. The weather is rather tedious. We do double acrostics, and are going to have Waxworks. I am to be Llewellyn's baby; the fox-terrier is cast for Gelert. I hear from my Aunt Emily that she is going to Tunbridge Wells. This is a sad affair of Moresby's: he seemed aged greatly when I saw him last." And so on. It is for this kind of intimate picture of a well-known man's life that the public deserts novels. When all letters are burned this "mental pabulum" (as reviewers like to say) will no longer be provided. The novel-readers will fall to their old loves again. Thus the society thinks it deserves the applause of Mr. Besant and of the friends of authors in general.

Suicides, of course, will diminish in number as the society makes way. Many suicides, as in M. Guy de Maupassant's story, are caused simply by the melancholy of rearranging and reading old letters. Times past come back, faces lost or estranged, dead summers, faded happiness, return as you read, and face you with their haggard cheeks and melancholy eyes. That which might have been and never was creeps to your side; you hear the voices you shall never hear again, or never in friendship—

Till Time's right hand is loosened from thy hand,
And thy life-days from thee.

None of these spectres will awake so vivid and so mournful if you have no old letters to read—if they are all burned. You will be safe from memories, from ghosts, from ghouls, from all the apprehension of the foolish letters which everybody has written reappearing in some wrong place. Everybody should join the L.B.S.—the Letter Burners' Society—and the sooner the better, for the peace of the living and the reputations of the dead. Never write to a person, except on business, who is not a Letter Burner. The most unexpected and unlikely people keep letters; be very careful, before corresponding with any man, woman, or child, to know that they do not keep them, that they destroy them in accordance with the laws of the society. But be careful, also, not to burn an enclosed cheque with the letter, an accident which has occurred more than once to the Society's pious founder. Above all, burn angry letters from acquaintances and relations. Unburned, they fester and rankle; burned, they cease to be venomous. And burn your own epistles of this kind—before you send them.

AN UNCOMMERCIAL THEATRE.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Alles kann der Edle leisten,
Der versteht und rasch ergreift.—GOETHE.

An assured immortality awaits the man, or men, who shall come to the rescue of the English Drama. I do not mean that the drama is in a particularly parlous state. On the contrary, it is the heightened intellectual vitality of the existing drama which is awakening the public to the possibility and desirability of a much greater advance in the future. We require a theatre which shall not be forced, as a condition of its existence, to pay large interest on the capital invested in it—a theatre at which a homogeneous company of artists shall play a varied repertory, and hundred-night runs shall neither be aimed at nor permitted. State aid being out of the question, private liberality and intelligence must come to the rescue. What we really stand most in need of is a MAN with sufficient energy, enthusiasm, insight, tact, and power of organisation to defy scepticism and inertia, and put some idea—any idea—into action. The precise form of the idea does not greatly matter, if only it provides a rallying-point for the intelligent minority, whose newly awakened craving for theatrical entertainment cannot find permanent satisfaction in anything short of rational and adult art. Such a craving undoubtedly exists. Even playwrights who flourish and wax fat under the present system admit that their art is an art of base compromise, that they write with the fear of the actor-manager and of the hundred-night public before their eyes, and that they would rejoice, were it only now and then, and as a little intellectual dissipation, to give free vent to their artistic impulses, without troubling to inquire whether there is "money in them." If talk could drag the drama out of the slough of banality, the thing would have been done long ago. We are all sitting on the fence, looking wisely at the task before us, and throwing out suggestions as to how we might, could, would, or should set about it; but no one hops down and puts his shoulder to the wheel. Not thus was the Théâtre Libre founded in Paris; and, though a mechanical imitation of the Théâtre Libre is by no means the thing to be desired, I think the history of M. Antoine's enterprise is, or ought to be, full of instruction for us.

At the beginning of 1887 Antoine was a clerk in the employ of the Paris Gas Company, at a salary of £72 a year. He was a member of an absolutely obscure company of amateurs, which assumed the title of "Théâtre Libre," when, on March 30, 1887, it for the first time presented a programme consisting entirely of hitherto unacted pieces. The date was determined by the fact that, in the Gas Company, pay-day falls on the 30th of each month. The second performance took place on May 30, and Antoine himself delivered the letters of invitation by hand, in order to save postage-stamps. In July he burned his ships, gave up his post in the Gas Company, and, with no security for the future except his own faith and energy, devoted himself entirely to his idea. Since then the Théâtre Libre has produced more than fifty new plays; has brought to the front at least half a dozen young writers whom even the critics most hostile to their methods admit to be men of remarkable talent; has introduced Tolstoi, Tourguénief, and Ibsen to Parisian playgoers; and has been imitated in almost every capital in Europe. Antoine now puts forward a scheme, which seems in a fair way to be realised, for the construction of a theatre on something approaching the Bayreuth model, at which the prices shall be low, the star system shall be rigorously suppressed, salaries shall be moderate and partly contingent on receipts, long runs shall be prohibited, and the most modern methods in play-writing, acting, and mounting shall be cultivated with assiduity. We may have our own opinion as to the value or permanence of the literary tendency represented and fostered by the Théâtre Libre; but the vitality of the institution is beyond dispute. And it is entirely the creation of Antoine. It would never have existed had he been content to sit on the fence and make suggestions.

"But," you say, "half his work was done for him by the circumstances of the time. He saw and supplied a 'felt want.' His theatre was an almost inevitable outcome of the naturalist movement in literature." Quite true; but is there not a "felt want" to be supplied here too? Are we not looking eagerly to all quarters of the compass for succour of one sort or another? There is no reason why it should come from a clerk at thirty shillings a week, who should be forced to trudge all over London to save postage-stamps. Such a proceeding is more romantic than economical. Insight and enthusiasm are the main points; but let no one be deterred from action by the fact of having a balance at his banker's. Then, again, it may be alleged that Antoine possesses not only insight and enthusiasm, but genius, both as a actor and a stage-manager; and that, without exceptional talent, no one can hope to carry through an enterprise of the sort. Exceptional talent is undoubtedly required, but it need not be talent for acting. It is extravagant to speak of Antoine's talent as genius. He is, or was when he visited London, a painstaking, intelligent

amateur, who struggled, with wonderful success, against very great physical disadvantages—an insignificant presence, fishy eyes, a receding chin, and a hoarse voice. He has not even wide culture or infallible tact. His culture is just sufficient to fill him with naturalistic fanaticism; his tact has been insufficient to save him from making several notorious false steps. The gifts which he does possess in an eminent degree are energy, self-confidence, and power of organisation. These are the secrets of his success. In other words, he is a born leader of men. The man who would follow in his footsteps, or rather proceed on a parallel path, must know what he wants to do, and do it, and must have the power of shaping the wills of other men, making them believe in him and do his bidding. Honesty and self-denial, of course, he must also possess—the power to "scorn delights and live laborious days," seeking no profit beyond the satisfaction of his reasonable necessities, and subordinating even the love of fame to the enthusiasm for art.

To such a man many courses are now open. I am convinced that he could, if he thought fit, stalk and bring down that shy bird the public-spirited millionaire. A hundred thousand pounds is not a fabulous sum, after all, to invest in an interesting experiment. People make ducks and drakes of larger amounts than this every day in the year; why should it not occur to someone that he might find equal entertainment in trying to make actors and plays? The capital sum might be strictly tied up, so that, in the event of the theatre failing to take root, it should revert to the original donor, or be applied to whatever uses he might appoint. Of course, if our English Antoine—this man of insight and initiative—happened himself to be a millionaire, that would probably be the most convenient arrangement of all. He would have capital fun for his money. His theatre might be to him what his yacht or his racing-stable is to another man, and would further serve as his imperishable monument—an advantage not shared by the racing-stable or the yacht. But even supposing our Antoine to be neither a millionaire nor a millionaire-charmer, there are other ways in which he might set about the work of reform. Mr. B. W. Findon has suggested a scheme for developing and concentrating the scattered talent of the amateur clubs, which is at least worth trying, and might lead to unforeseen issues. Mr. Oswald Craufurd has dropped mysterious hints in the *Fortnightly Review* as to some scheme for a company-managed theatre which is actually in process of incubation. Well, anything is more hopeful than an actor-managed theatre: but if the company be an ordinary set of commercial adventurers, intent on getting the highest possible interest on their money, the improvement will, at best, be trifling, even if the theatre does not relapse, after a season or two, into the hands of an actor-manager. I have long ago suggested, as a possible expedient, the formation of a company the shareholders of which should bind themselves to be content with a small fixed rate of interest—say, two and a half per cent.—all further profits being carried to an endowment-fund, by which the shareholders might ultimately be bought out, to reappear in the character of trustees. If Mr. Craufurd's company is to be founded on any such uncommercial basis as this, it may do good; but even in that case we shall need our English Antoine to serve as managing director. If only some non-musical manager possessed the enterprise and enthusiasm of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, what might he not do for the drama? The existence of the Royal English Opera House is a proof that there is nothing Utopian in schemes for an uncommercial theatre. Had anyone foretold, in 1881, that in ten years London would possess an Opera House, constructed by private enterprise, which should rival in splendour and surpass in convenience the great national opera-houses of the Continent, would we not have laughed him to scorn? Yet there the theatre stands, an accomplished fact. No doubt Mr. Carte hopes to make it pay; but had he thought merely of filthy lucre he would have gone far otherwise to work. No! the new theatre is a product of artistic ambition, idealism, what you will; no mere cheesemonger-manager could ever have conceived it. When will a similar idealism (though not expressing itself in architectural lavishness) attempt the ennoblement of the non-musical drama? The time is ripe; the opportunity invites; but where, O where, is the man?

TALLEYRAND AND NAPOLEON.

The second instalment of the Talleyrand memoirs, which are appearing in the form of extracts in the *Century Magazine*, is more interesting than the first. It tells us little that is new about Talleyrand, who shows himself the sagacious, unprincipled, but far-seeing man whom we knew before, but throws some suggestive side-lights on his relations with Napoleon. Talleyrand passes delicately over his early courting of the General, but gives an amusing instance of a stolen interview between the two at Talleyrand's house. Both were fearful of arrest from the Directory, against whom they were plotting, and the sound of an escort of cavalry and a carriage stopping outside alarmed them. Napoleon turned pale, the lights were blown out, and the twin conspirators prepared to escape. Happily for both, it was a false alarm. Talleyrand served Napoleon till he ceased to believe in his star, and then, true to the habitual falseness of the man's character, intrigued against him, while accepting at his hands the highest responsibilities and, as he naïvely tells us, a very lucrative sinecure. After 1807 he served Austria and Russia against his master with sublime impartiality, and, to his credit be it said, did his best to checkmate the Spanish and the Russian enterprises which finally wrecked the Napoleonic régime. Talleyrand recalls, with a chuckle, the Pope's good opinion of the ex-Bishop whom he had excommunicated for every offence which a Churchman could commit. From a literary point of view, the most interesting part of the memoirs is the account of the meeting between Napoleon and Goethe, at which Napoleon hailed the flattered poet as the first tragic bard of Germany, and Goethe replied with a series of courtly but very empty compliments. Talleyrand, however, is at his best in the sly innuendoes which show his complete knowledge of Napoleon, and his contempt for the baser and poorer sides of the Emperor's character. At present, however, no new epigrams have come to light to add to the store of cynicism with which Talleyrand enriched the talk of diplomats and men of the world.

THE NEW BURMAH REGIMENTS.

Two additional illustrations of the new Regiments of Infantry for service in Burmah, raised from the men of the Burmah Military Police, who are not Burmese natives, like the Civil Police, but come from the Punjab and the hill-tribes of Northern India, appear this week. They are from photographs of the 2nd Burmah Infantry Regiment, commanded by Major Howlett, of the Madras Staff Corps, and stationed at Thayetmyo; this regiment consists of Sikhs, Punjabi Mussulmans, Pathans, and Dogras. It will replace one of the former regiments of Madras Native Infantry. We are indebted to Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Service, for our communications on this subject.



SIKH NATIVE OFFICER INSTRUCTING NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



PHYSICAL TRAINING WITH ARMS.

THE NEW REGIMENTS FOR SERVICE IN BURMAH.



A CAST SHOE: TOO LATE FOR THE MEET.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I return from the "sunny south" refreshed with the rest and the roses. I find London almost as warm as the fair land of Provence, and nearly every theatre doing phenomenal holiday business. The "sublimated egotist" is laid low, and is uttering his last feeble groan prone on the blood-stained sand, and the "curse of the contemporary stage," who has insulted his God and his Grundy, finds it difficult to squeeze into any popular theatre in order to see what is going on; not, indeed, that any hospitable door has been closed in his face, but that, owing to the rush for amusement after a long imprisonment of snow, we see the pleasant placard "house full" outside nearly every playhouse, and winter society as cheerful as I ever remember it to have been.

Let me look round. I first paid a visit to the new and restored Vaudeville—what a pretty house it is!—and found a capital house laughing and crying over Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Woodbarrow Farm"—laughing at Mr. Thomas Thorne's delightfully pompous airs as the soi-disant "gentleman's gentleman," one of the best things he has done in comedy for many a long year, and crying over the return of the prodigal son, who has seen enough of fashionable life, and, turning his back on butterfly friends, finds at his own fireside the heart of a true girl and the arms of an affectionate old mother. But the performance that struck me as especially excellent in this homely, unaffected, and "bourgeois" little play was the "Aventurière" of Miss Vane. She is "L'Aventurière" you know. Here you have them all as in the well-known French play. Mr. Fred Thorne is nothing else but Don Annibal of suburban life, and Miss Vane is Augier's heroine reduced to the size of Brixton society. But, for all that, Miss Vane played with a style and a meaning that were unmistakable. She felt all that she was doing.

I must pause for the moment on the threshold of the Haymarket. If I began now to talk about "The Dancing Girl" I should never stop, and should get to the end of my column before I knew where I was. I have so much to say about this fascinating young lady; so much of which to deliver myself about the play, about the motive, about that which is done and undone; I have so many questions to ask, so many things to suggest, that I simply dare not release my pent-up soul just yet awhile. But the house was crowded in every corner. Every seat was occupied. Every soul was discussing the "pros" and the "cons" of the new play. There seemed to be a sigh of satisfaction in that the audience was delivered from the unutterable boredom of that dreadful "Village Priest," and had something before them that they could discuss as a work of art. Was I disappointed? Did I think that the treatment of a fine motive has been overpraised? Did I stare when I was told that a speculative landowner is to be charged with the murder of his tenants because he does not invest in breakwaters? Did I wonder that more was not made of the suggestive "Fanchette dances in the moonlight"? Was I surprised that the wilful Quakeress shows exactly the same kind of coquetry to the *blasé* Duke as she does to the earnest village lover? Was I aghast when I was told that this wilful, heartless, and incorrigible woman would refuse a coronet of strawberry-leaves for the sake of an epigram? Did I see the slightest necessity for that last act when the story, moral and all, had been told at the arrested suicide—as fine a dramatic climax as human being could require? But, there, I am letting myself go, when I wanted to be reticent! But I must, at this the earliest opportunity, congratulate Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. F. Kerr, Miss R. Leclercq, and especially Miss Rose Norreys on performances as admirable and as artistic as any they have ever attempted. The fact is that the new play is so hugely interesting that it is worth talking it over and thinking it over.

And now for a sudden change of scene indeed. I find myself at the once-despised Opéra Comique, and find an audience as crowded, as delighted, and as fashionable as at the Haymarket itself. What is the matter? What has happened? Merely that Mr. Arthur Roberts has come back, and that he has got a burlesque of his own heart—merely that all London is prepared to yell with laughter at the inimitable "Arthur," who, dressed up as a costermonger, sings an extraordinary ditty in true Cockney dialect, and, in the garb of H. M. Stanley, delivers himself of a comic ditty as well written as anything of the kind I have heard since the days of Planché, Byron, Harry Leigh, and W. S. Gilbert. The song "I went to find Emin" is really so excellently written and rhymed that it deserves to be sung with a little more distinctness. But it must not be imagined that it is a case of Arthur Roberts and *prætere nihil*. Quite the contrary. Mr. J. L. Shine and Mr. Danby are both genuinely funny. Miss Alma Stanley (Heaven knows I did not see anything wrong with her dress, but then I am not a prying County Councillor or a busybody!) sings with delightful expression, and Miss Grace Pedley with execution; and the dancers are the popular Phyllis Broughton and a new votary of Terpsichore, Miss Kate Seymour, who is so light of touch that she whirls about the stage like a feather, and seems to float in the air. But the great point about the new burlesque is that it is well written. We do not quote the verses of Planché or Byron simply because we are old fogeys, but because they were not doggerel. Both Planché and Byron would be the first to own that the lyrics in "Joan of Arc" are of special excellence. If you doubt it, buy a book and read the verses from end to end. It is sixpence well laid out.

I have been to see "A Doll's House" again, and remain unconvinced to the dramatic religion of Ibsen. Nora Hellmer is to me even a more impossible person than she ever was before, and the language of the play more audacious and astounding. Now if I were to quote—only quote, mind you—the dialogue between Dr. Rank and this innocent little married woman about the elder Rank's transmission of disease and his partiality for asparagus, truffles, and oysters, doubtless friend Grundy would deluge us with more of his tedious letters, and tell his friends that I was to be denounced because I praise obscenity. Any stick is good enough in the hands of a sour dramatist for the hardened back of the hated critic. But by so doing I should be "scribbling rude words on the pedestal of a Colossus" like a naughty boy, and, as I am so terribly afraid lest Mrs. Grundy should "box my ears," I desist. But, for all that, I am glad I have seen "A Doll's House" again, for I have seen Mrs. Linden and Krogstadt played as they were never played before by Miss Elizabeth Robins and Mr. C. Fulton. The scene between these two was a masterpiece. And has anyone yet reminded these praters and preachers of unconventionality that the most conventional and dramatic scene and the most stagey characters in "A Doll's House" are the most successful? Krogstadt is the most stagey character. No one is more interesting. Nora's dance is the most dramatic moment of the play. It is the situation that alone arouses attention. The scene between Mrs. Linden and Krogstadt is the most human scene. It is the one that brings out the best acting. When we come to Nora's sermon at the close, with its tirade of self-sufficiency and egotism, the people laugh and go out. I must own that I was agreeably surprised with Miss Marie Fraser as Nora Hellmer. She understands very

beat of the character. Few young actresses on the stage could have gone through such an ordeal nearly as well. A little nervousness on such an occasion was excusable, but the heart and the brain of the actress were there. But I hear we are to have a deluge of Ibsen. "Rommersholm" and "Hedda Gabler" are in the air. Well, the sooner the better. We must all be inoculated before we become healthy again.

A word must suffice to record the success of Mr. George Alexander's move of his goods and chattels from the Avenue to the bright St. James's Theatre. He naturally takes with him his successful play, by Mr. R. C. Carton, "Sunshine and Shadow," and, if anyone doubts that there exists such a thing as an "English school of acting," I would beg him to hurry off to see Mr. Alexander as the pathetic cripple, Mr. Nutcombe Gould as the manly doctor, Miss Maude Millett as the wilful, petted maiden, and, best of all, Miss Marion Terry as that sweet piece of English womanhood, Helen Latimer. We talk of the days of Robertson. None of his plays gave us better English acting than we can see to-day at the St. James's. And after the tears come laughter, for Mr. Alexander, with Miss Maude Millett, flirt and fool and flout one another in an eighteenth-century character by Mr. Alfred Calmour. It is a trifle, but a bright contrast to the serious vein of Mr. Carton's charming play, which is as refreshing and sweet as the rose-gardens and violet-fields that I have left far away in the delightful land of Provence!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SORRENTO (Dawlish).—In Mr. Frankenstein's problem, after 1. K to Q 7th, K to Q 5th, 2. P to K 5th, if Black now play Kt to K 5th, where do you mate next move? It might be as well, before indulging in vigorous criticism, to be sure of your own position.

OLD LADY (Paterson, U.S.A.).—Your message has been forwarded. No. 2433 has proved itself too tough a nut for you.

J. C. SMITH (Nottingham).—You should, at least, solve two problems before composing one. Some of the best masters are known to have solved several ere they tried their hand at construction; but they were exceptionally studious.

W. R. B. (Plymouth).—See Black's reply in answer to "Sorrento" above.

J. PERKINS.—The device employed in the problem is very old, and well known.

F. L. D.—Safely to hand, with thanks. You are not on the right track of Problem No. 2442. Its difficulty is proved by the falling off in the number of solutions.

(2) G. Bell, York-street, Covent-garden.

L. DESANGES (Rome).—The problem shall be re-examined. We are obliged for the trouble you have taken.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2434 and 2435 received from Dr. A. V. Sastrey (Tunkur); of No. 2436 from J. W. Beatty (Toronto); of No. 2437 from G. W. von Allen (Wyoming, U.S.A.) and J. W. Beatty; of No. 2438 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal); J. W. Beatty, and R. Tidmarsh (Limerick); of No. 2439 from A. N. P. (Brecon); of No. 2440 from Tortebesse, T. L. Hameyer (Bradford), and T. Thomas; of No. 2441 from Forrier (Barcelona), T. L. Hameyer, T. G. (Ware), B. K. (Cuckfield), Tortebesse, A. S. (The Hague), and J. Perkins.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2439 received from E. Louden, Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. Newman, Dr. T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dr. F. St. Blair, H. Cochrane, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Martin F. W. R. Bailem, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), R. H. Brooks, Dr. McCoy (Galway), R. Worters (Canterbury), E. P. Vulliamy (Glasbury), Thomas Chown, and T. G. (Ware).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2440.—By H. L. F. MEYER.

WHITE.
1. P to B 8th (a Knight)
2. Kt takes Kt P
3. Kt mates.

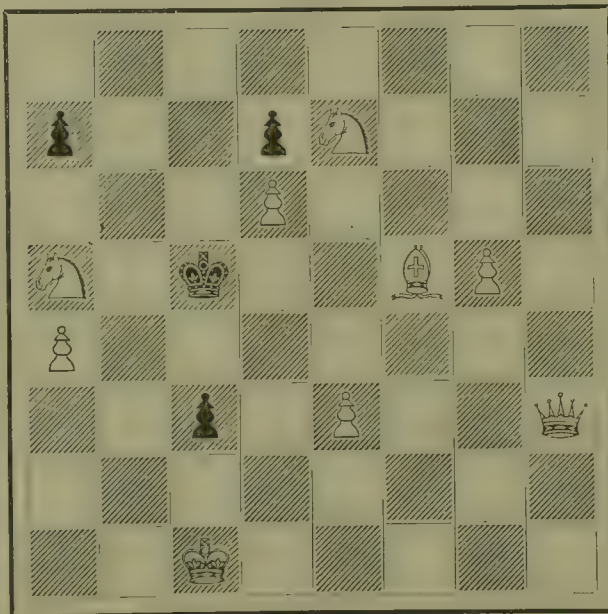
BLACK.
R to R 2nd
Any move.

If Black play 1. R to R sq, then 2. Kt takes K P, R takes B, Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2444.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Purcell's between Messrs. MULLER and TINSLEY.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	Black is now perfectly safe, and a P to the good.	
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Kt to Q 6th	Q to R 4th
3. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	20. Kt to K 4th	
4. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	Q takes P seems stronger. If, now, Q takes R, P, Kt takes B P with the better game. If B takes Kt, Q takes B; R to Q sq, Q to Kt 3rd, &c.	
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to B 3rd	21. R to Kt 7th	Q takes R P
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	22. Kt takes Kt (ch)	B takes Kt
7. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th	23. Q takes P	Q R to Q sq
8. P to K R 3rd		24. Q to K 4th	P to Kt 3rd
		25. Q to B 3rd	B to Q 5th
		26. R to K 2nd	Q to R 6th
		27. P to K R 4th	P to Q R 4th
		28. P to R 5th	P to R 5th
		29. P takes P	R P takes P
		30. K R takes K P	P takes R
		Clearly a miscalculation, although cleverly conceived.	
		31. Q to R 3rd	Q to B 8th (ch)
		32. K to R 2nd	B to K 4th (ch)
		White resigns.	

A match between the National Liberal Club and the British Chess Club took place, on Jan. 24, in a room set apart at the former premises expressly for its chess-playing members, of whom there is a large number. The teams numbered seventeen aside, and the result was a victory for the visitors by eleven games to four. A return match will be played shortly.

The annual matches of Oxford and Cambridge Universities with the City of London Club are now being arranged, and will probably be played on Saturday, Feb. 21. The Cambridge match has already been fixed for that date.

Mr. Kershaw, the popular president of the City of London Club, is nominated for re-election. This is a special compliment, which has only once before been paid to a retiring president of the club.

A sub-committee, of which Mr. Block is chairman, has been appointed to arrange the details of the forthcoming contest for the championship of the City of London Club. In the winter tournament the leaders are now busy playing off ties, of which there are a great many, the struggle at the finish having been very close.

The Rev. G. A. McDonnell encountered in simultaneous play, at the Plymouth Chess Club, thirty-seven of its members, on Jan. 27, winning thirteen games, drawing twenty-one, and losing three.

THE AUTHORS' CLUB IN NEW YORK.

BY A MODEST SCRIBBLER.

I should not venture to intervene in the controversy between Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Andrew Lang about the projected Authors' Club, were it not for an allusion in Mr. Besant's article to the haunt of American authors in New York. Mr. Besant, on the evidence of report, says it is "a cosy, pleasant, and comfortable club." With a vivid recollection of the hospitality I received there, of the agreeable conversation to which I listened like a diffident Britisher, of the heartiness of my hosts, and of the pleasing absence of small-beer anecdotes, I can offer Mr. Besant the humble support of personal experience. It is some years since I was in New York, and I do not know whether the authors still assemble in the rooms over the gentleman who, I believe, used to give fencing lessons on the first floor. Nor can I say whether he numbered among his pupils any writers who sought his instruction for controversial purposes.

When I first mounted the stairs, I heard the comforting rattle of plates and cutlery, and found the hungry authors rapidly disposing of a substantial meal. The operation was so thorough and convincing that when an athletic friend of mine, with a far-famed appetite, came bounding in an hour late, one glance sufficed to prove to him that Mother Hubbard's historic cupboard was not more completely bare than the American authors' board. During the evening I had an opportunity of observing some notable members of the club. I was most anxious to see the American humourist in undress, so to speak, to find out how much of him was natural and how much professional, and whether the habit of producing everlasting fun had left in him any deep furrows of care. Some of the best-known humourists in America are rarely heard of on this side of the ocean. They write chiefly in the newspapers. They take care that the news of the day shall not distress you too sorely. The American citizen might learn from his morning sheet that some awful disaster had happened to the nation, but he would be soothed, if not consoled, by a piece of sprightly humour in the next column. It is this agreeable dispensation, I think, which keeps most Americans alive amid the rush and the turmoil and the extravagant nervous pressure of their existence. One of the most distinguished of these newspaper humourists is the gentleman who calls himself Bill Nye. I had often laughed to the point of suffocation over his writings, and I could not help picturing him as a small man with a large comical head and a perpetual twinkle in a particularly knowing eye, and a conversational manner perhaps a little too obtrusively merry for the repose which distinguishes the library of the Athenæum Club. I felt extremely apologetic when I found that Bill Nye was a tall man, perfectly bald, with a quiet pensive smile and a pleasant unaffected speech, which might have led Mr. Andrew Lang to put him down as a genial professor who had written a good deal for encyclopædias.

What struck me chiefly was that, with the exception of an excellent man who favoured me in a corner and at some length with his theory of international copyright, nobody talked about hobbies. There were no literary arguments. Mr. Lang's prophetic sketch of the people who would bore one another in an Authors' Club has no counterpart in my remembrances of these American authors. They were not pedantic, prosy, or eager to carry the talk about shop over their particular little counters. I think there is, on the whole, an easier current of life in American clubs of all kinds than in our own. There is certainly a more genial intercourse and a greater disposition to entertain the stranger. I have in my mind now one of the best storytellers I ever met—an engineer, a painter, a writer, a traveller in many lands. If these lines should catch his vision, I hope he will take them as an assurance that I still cherish those anecdotes of Colonel Carter of Cartersville which he used to tell me with infinite humour, and which I see he has moulded into admirably artistic form in *Harper's Magazine*. I cannot imagine any association of authors animated by a better *esprit de corps* than I found in this New York club, or freer from those angles of the literary character which Mr. Lang seems to dread. Perhaps I shall commend the American authors all the more strongly to some English writers when I say that a very wealthy man was once black-balled at the Authors' Club in New York, because it was held to be no place for millionaires.

THE VIENNA PEOPLE'S KITCHENS.

Under the direct patronage of her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth and his Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, an institution for the benefit of the poor in the city of Vienna, designed to be mainly self-supporting, but managed and assisted by a benevolent society of ladies and gentlemen, contributing their personal services and moderate subscriptions to the expenses of its direction, has been established within fifteen years past. Its object is to maintain, in the most populous and necessitous quarters and suburbs of Vienna, public kitchens and eating-houses, conducted on the most economical system, in which good plain food is prepared and sold at the cheapest price. An official publication recently compiled by Dr. Joseph Kühn, the original projector of this scheme, honorary president of the "First Vienna People's Kitchen Society," founded in 1872, at the "Kaiser Franz-Josef Stiftungs-Haus," No. 4, Hechtgasse, in the Wieden quarter, has been furnished to us, with the illustrations of that particular "Volksküche" now presented to our readers. There are ten similar establishments connected with this movement as now constituted, five of which, situated in the inner city quarter, in that of Wieden, in Mariahilf, in the Neubau, and in Favoriten, are conducted by the original Society, and others by the Leopoldstadt Society, the Jews' Society, the Landstrasser, the Meidling, and the Sechshaus suburban societies, organised so as to form a sort of federal union, with precise statutes and rules which secure uniformity of administration. Lady visitors, two or three every day, look in at each People's Kitchen, and inspect the doings of the housekeeper and cook; the accounts of purchases and sales are strictly kept, and the finances are duly controlled. The kinds of food ordered for each successive day in the month are prescribed beforehand, the list showing a tolerable variety, besides what arises from the seasons of the year. In the month of April, for example, we find, one day, broth of ground barley, a dish of beef with beans, pickled pork, and rice flavoured with cinnamon; the next day, oatmeal porridge, meat with baked potatoes or rice, and something else. There are different soups, dumplings, fritters, and pancakes, and the ordinary sorts of vegetables; white bread and rye-bread; the drink is tea, with or without a dash of rum in it; all at very low prices. The average daily number of consumers at this one establishment in the Hechtgasse is eleven hundred, but we presume that some of these carry the food to their own homes.



1. The Stiftungs-Haus in the Hechtgasse. 2. Principal Kitchen. 3. Reserve Kitchen. 4. Large Dining-hall.

THE VIENNA PUBLIC KITCHENS.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

An interesting exhibition of women's industries, organised by the editor of a bright little paper called *Woman*, was opened at the Westminster Townhall on Jan. 27. Exhibitions of "woman's work" are not quite satisfactory, because much more than the better half of the labour done by the brains and hands of our sex is certain not to be shown in any such a display. It is not merely that a large part of the highest female intelligence and the greatest womanly skill are necessarily expended on those domestic tasks which are in themselves insignificant and often "grubby," and which leave nothing to show to the outer world, all-important as their capable fulfilment nevertheless is to the well-being of society—more important by far than many of those showy doings that win public applause. I am convinced that there is no avocation so difficult to fulfil to perfection as that of a housewife; and men think so little of the art and intellect that make a household run its daily course as smoothly as a pneumatic-tired bicycle, only because they do not understand the case. But not only can this, the main work of women, never be shown in an exhibition; but, even as regards the articles suitable for such display, so much of the work of women is done in conjunction with men that it is not possible for their efforts to be adequately represented in a show confined to the products of female labour exclusively.

Nobody ever thought of holding an "exhibition of men's industries." It would curiously illustrate the interworking of the sexes in industrial life if a great exhibition could ever be organised divided into three sections—a gallery for exclusively male productions, another for those articles manufactured wholly by females, and a joint display of articles on which both had been engaged. In nearly all the most important branches of manufacture, it would then be perceived, men and women work together, and mutually contribute to the service of the world; so that what is done by women alone or by men alone is but an insignificant proportion of the work of either sex.

Women's special exhibitions are always handicapped, moreover, by the unwillingness of the best workers among the sex to show their work under such conditions. They desire that it shall be judged, as Mrs. Browning so well put it, "as mere work, not as mere woman's work," which will only receive

praise "expressing the comparative respect, which means the absolute scorn." An illustration of this feeling was supplied at this very exhibition, where no female artists of rank contributed to the artistic section. There was a prize offered for the best ideal drawing of the face of a perfect woman, and the prize was taken by one of Mrs. Jopling's pupils for a very charming little drawing, showing a noble countenance, a fine broad brow, and sweet mouth—but only a student's work, after all. Even the needlework was not nearly so beautiful as that shown at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition or the annual South Kensington sale. There were some flower decorations, very prettily arranged by lady florists—trade exhibits being admitted. One, a "Hunt Breakfast" table, looked particularly well adorned with horseshoes of red geraniums, and a centre of a fox's brush in white azaleas, flanked on either side by a hunting-crop in scarlet geraniums with a lash of white flowers. A young lady making cigarettes attracted much attention, and so did some typewriters.

Apparently it is no longer to Italy, but to the New World, that we are to look for our sweet women singers. The social topic of the moment is the opening of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new Opera House, and the production of a new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan with a libretto by another hand than that of Mr. Gilbert—as strange a divorce as though the Siamese twins had singly walked. In other respects, Mr. Carte's new enterprise has all the charms of novelty: as that his dress-circle seats are the same price as his stalls, and that he has relays of singers, not merely "understudies," but principals who will sing chief parts in turn on different nights, just as happens in grand opera. But most remarkable of all is it that every one of the five leading female singers is of English descent and speech. Indeed, two of them, Miss Macintyre and Miss Thudicum, are native-born. Miss Lucille Hill, Miss Palliser, and Miss Groebel are all Americans.

Many of our successful operatic stars of the past ten years have hailed from those great lands across the ocean, where England's descendants seem to grow with all the added vigour and development of a favourable transplantation. Madame Albani is a Canadian. Madame Melba is a native of Australia. She so far experienced the irrational prejudice (let us hope the last gasps of it) against singers with English names that her first appearances under her real cognomen of Mrs. Armstrong were comparatively unsuccessful; whereupon she dubbed herself by the title of "Madame," and a foreign-sounding surname

constructed out of that of her native city, Melbourne, and forthwith received that reception as a prima donna in opera to which her grand voice and the high cultivation that she has given it entitled her on her merits. Madame Nordica is a Bostonian, whose maiden name was Norton. Madame Marie Roze and Mdlle. Van Zandt are both Americans.

No new Italian prima donna has for years scored a success in this country to compare with that gained by any one of the singers above named. Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, a pretty young Swede with a fresh, beautiful voice, who appeared at Drury-Lane nearly four years ago, was at first hailed as a new operatic star of the first magnitude. But she did not "stay." Perhaps because, like some other young actresses whom I might name if I were bold enough, she fancied that she had reached the top of the tree, while in reality all the more difficult and perilous branches were yet above her head, and the helping hands that she neglected were missed at length. A more recent successful London appearance by a foreign prima donna has been that of Mdlle. Ravogli, but she also still has to establish her position. Meantime, English-speaking women operatic singers hold the first place.

For convalescents the following way of stewing oysters will be found a light and agreeable one: Take half a dozen or a dozen oysters, as may be allowed, to half a pint of milk. Place the milk on the side of the stove, in a scrupulously clean saucepan, with a blade of mace, four peppercorns, and six whole allspice; no salt. A tiny bit of thin lemon peel and a bayleaf are an improvement, but not necessary. Let the milk simmer slowly for about twenty minutes, then strain it through a gravy-strainer, and strain into it also the liquor that has run from the oysters, which should be put off their shells into a cup as opened, in order to preserve all the liquor. The straining into a cold basin and the addition of the oysters' juice takes the milk off the boil, and so it must remain. It is now to be returned to the saucepan, and left on the stove near the fire to keep hot while the oysters are poured into it; they must remain there for about five minutes, to heat well through, but they must not be boiled on any account, for that process makes them leathery and indigestible. Add now, stirring well, half a saltspoonful of salt and a bit of fresh butter the size of a hazel nut; then pour all together into a soup-plate or basin in which you have previously broken up one toast biscuit or two milk or water biscuits. Oysters so cooked are very digestible, and most invalids like the dish greatly.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 21, 1889) of the late Archbishop of York was proved on Jan. 23 by Wilfrid Forbes Home Thomson and Captain Jocelyn Home Thomson, R.A., the sons, and Robert Stanley Scholfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and such of his furniture, plate, and effects as his executors may deem necessary, to his wife; and such part of his wearing apparel, pictures, rings, &c., are to be distributed among his wife and children as his executors may deem expedient. His executors are directed to pay £600 per annum to his wife, for life or widowhood; £100 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Ethel Zoe Goodwyn (in accordance with his covenant in her settlement); and £100 per annum to each of his other children during the same period; and the remainder of the income of his residuary estate to his wife. On the death or remarriage of his wife the residue is to be divided between all his children in equal shares, but certain advancements to them are to be brought into account.

The will of Mr. Edward Loyd of Lillesden, Hawkhurst, Kent, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Jan. 29 by Mrs. Caroline Louisa Loyd, Frederic Edward Loyd, and George John Courthope, the executors, his estate being sworn for the purposes of probate at £139,651. Legacies of £10,000 are bequeathed, in trust, for each of the testator's daughters; £10,000 to his son F. E. Loyd; and £5000 to his son L. F. Loyd. Subject to these legacies, and to a legacy of £1000 to Mrs. Loyd, the testator's widow, the whole of the residuary estate is bequeathed, in trust, for the widow, for life.

The will (dated June 9, 1886) of Mr. Henry William Forester, late of Somerby House, Leicestershire, and of 51, Grosvenor-street, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Jan. 28 by the Hon. Mrs. Eleanor Alexandrina Forester, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting

to over £128,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his son, Francis William; and £90,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his three daughters, Louisa Barbara, Eleanor Julia, and Wilhelmine Augusta. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 8, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 15, 1890), of Mr. Timothy Horsman Coles, formerly of Saint Helens, Ore, Sussex, and late of 76, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Jan. 27 by Edward Horsman Bailey, the nephew; Harry Horsman Coles, the son; and Arthur Wellesley Soames, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £101,000. The testator bequeaths £6000, upon trust, to pay the income to his daughters who are spinsters; £300 to his daughter Amy; an annuity of £50 to Harriet Cameron, and legacies to executors and trustees. There are specific bequests of numerous pictures, plate, furniture, and effects to children and other relatives. He appoints the trust funds, under three settlements, equally to his eight children, but any child to whom any part has been appointed is to bring the same into hotch-pot. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves in equal shares, upon various trusts, for his eight children, and provides that certain advancements made by him to them are to be brought into account in the division.

The will (dated June 25, 1884) of the Hon. Thomas Charles Bruce, D.L., M.P. Portsmouth 1874-85, late of 42, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, who died on Dec. 23 last, at Invererne, Forres, N.B., was proved on Jan. 20 by Lachlan Mackintosh Rate and Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Sarah Caroline Bruce, and £1000 to each of his daughters, Elizabeth Marjorie and Augusta Mary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives a further £1000 to each of his said

daughters, and £5000, upon trust, for them jointly; £14,000 to his son Robert Arthur; and the ultimate residue (except any personal estate he may acquire after the date of his will under the will of any other person, which is to go to his four children in equal shares), to his son Charles Thomas. He declares that the provision made for his wife and children by will is in addition to that made by the settlement, which he confirms, executed in contemplation of his marriage.

The will, (dated Sept. 13, 1889), with two codicils, (dated Sept. 21, 1889, and Nov. 21, 1890), of Miss Sarah Farr Butler, late of 6, Wellington-villas, Mount Ephraim, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Jan. 17 by Edmund Sumner and the Rev. Hammond Butler Bishopp, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 to the Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor; the cash at her bankers to her sister, Elizabeth Anne Bishopp; her furniture and effects to her said sister, for life, and then to her nephew, the Rev. H. B. Bishopp; £10,000, upon trust, for her said sister, for life, then as to two thirds, upon further trusts, for her said nephew and his children; and as to one third for her nephew Francis Robert Bryant Bishopp and his children; £2000, upon trust, for her said sister, for life, and then for her nephew the Rev. H. B. Bishopp; a house at Woolwich to her last-named nephew; £2000 to the two daughters of her late brother, William Fowler Butler, and £1000 to his two sons; and other legacies. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one half, upon trust, for each of her said two nephews, Hamilton Butler Bishopp and Francis Robert Bryant Bishopp, for their respective lives, and then for their respective children.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1890) of Mr. John William Dudley, formerly of 6, Colville-grove, East Dulwich, and late of The Rosary, Primrose-road, Woodford, engineer, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Jan. 24 by Alfred Ernest Augustus

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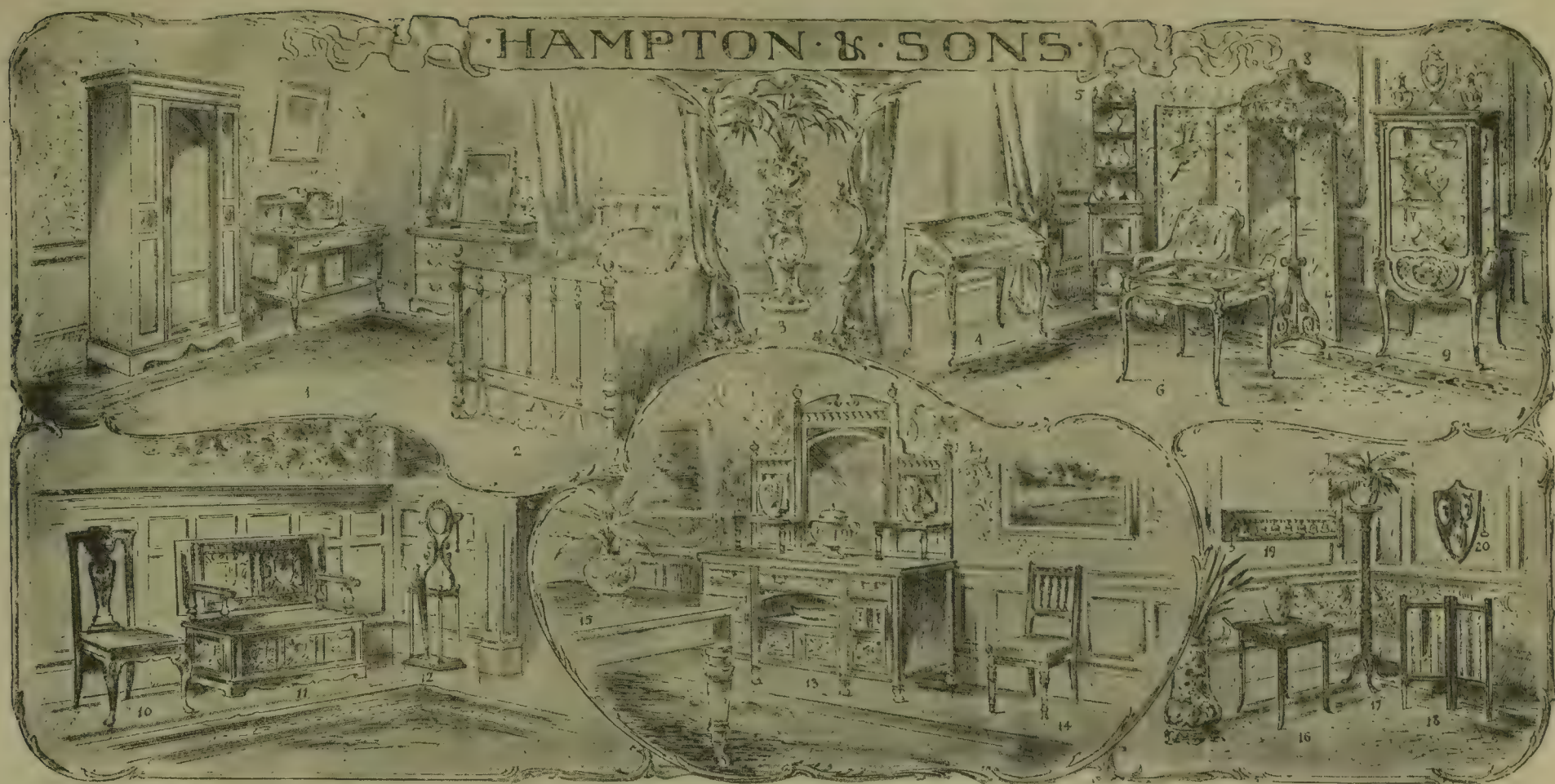
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Dudley, the son, and William Henry Bushell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £7000. The testator bequeaths £700 to the National Life-Boat Institution for a life-boat to be called "The John William Dudley"; £250 each to the Brompton Consumptive Hospital and the Home for Incurables; £150 to the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; £100 each to the Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, the Royal Normal School for the Blind, the Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham-road, and to Dr. Barnardo, Stepney-causeway; £2500 to his said son; £2500 to his daughter, Alice Mary Bushell, and £100 to each of her children; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his said son and daughter.

The will (dated April 15, 1880) of Frances Sarah Kibble, Baronne d'Este, late of 32, Rue Washington, Paris, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved in London on Jan. 26 by Baron Arthur Smyth d'Este, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £4000. The testatrix bequeaths to her three daughters the fourth of her estate she is entitled to dispose of, her unmarried daughters having her household furniture; and to her son the family portraits and her Louis XIV. clock, candelabra, and candlesticks.

The Empress of Austria intends to visit Jerusalem next year, but will take up her winter quarters in the new villa recently built for her Majesty at Corfu.

The Duke of Connaught, on Jan. 29, attended a free dinner given at Portsmouth to 700 poor people, and was afterwards present at the annual meeting of the Portsmouth Auxiliary of the Gordon Boys' Home, of which he was elected President. In acknowledging the election he said he knew General Gordon as far back as 1863, and this fact led him to take a strong personal interest in the Home. After inspecting the Soldiers' Institute his Royal Highness dined with the officers of the Royal Marine Artillery, but cancelled his engagement to attend a ball in aid of the funds of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in consequence of the funeral of Prince Baldwin of Flanders.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDWARD GROGAN, BART.

Sir Edward Grogan, Bart., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Barrister-at-Law, died at his residence, Ballantyne Hall, Dundrum, county Dublin, on Jan. 26. He was born in 1802, eldest son of Mr. John Grogan, of the city of Dublin, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. Charles Dowling Medlicott of Youngstown, in the county of Kildare, and derived descent from a Wexford family, seated at Johnstown in that county. He sat in Parliament for Dublin from 1841 to 1865, in the strong Conservative interest, and was created a Baronet for his Parliamentary services in 1859. Sir Edward married, in 1867, Katherine Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Beresford Burston MacMahon, Bart., and leaves, with three daughters, one son, now Sir Edward Ion Charles Grogan, second Baronet, born in 1873.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Richard Basset of Bonvilstone, Glamorganshire, J.P. and D.L., on Jan. 17, at Ivy House, Highclere, in his seventy-first year.

Mr. John William Marsh, a Deputy Lieutenant for the Tower Hamlets, on Jan. 13, at his residence, 71, East India-road, E., aged fifty-six.

Mr. Henry Smith of Horbling, in the county of Lincoln, J.P., late Captain 18th Lincolnshire Rifle Volunteers, on Jan. 18, in his seventy-first year.

Lady Thomas Hay (Harriet), widow of the Rev. Lord Thomas Hay, a younger son of the seventh Marquis of Tweeddale, and second daughter of Sir Alexander Kinloch, eighth Baronet, on Jan. 24, at Della Flora, in her eighty-eighth year.

The Rev. John Rouse Bloxam, D.D., the friend of Cardinal Newman, to whom he was Curate at Littlemore, as well as of Keble and Wordsworth. For sixty years he was associated

with Magdalen College, Oxford, and he wrote an account of the members of that College under the title of "Magdalen College Register."

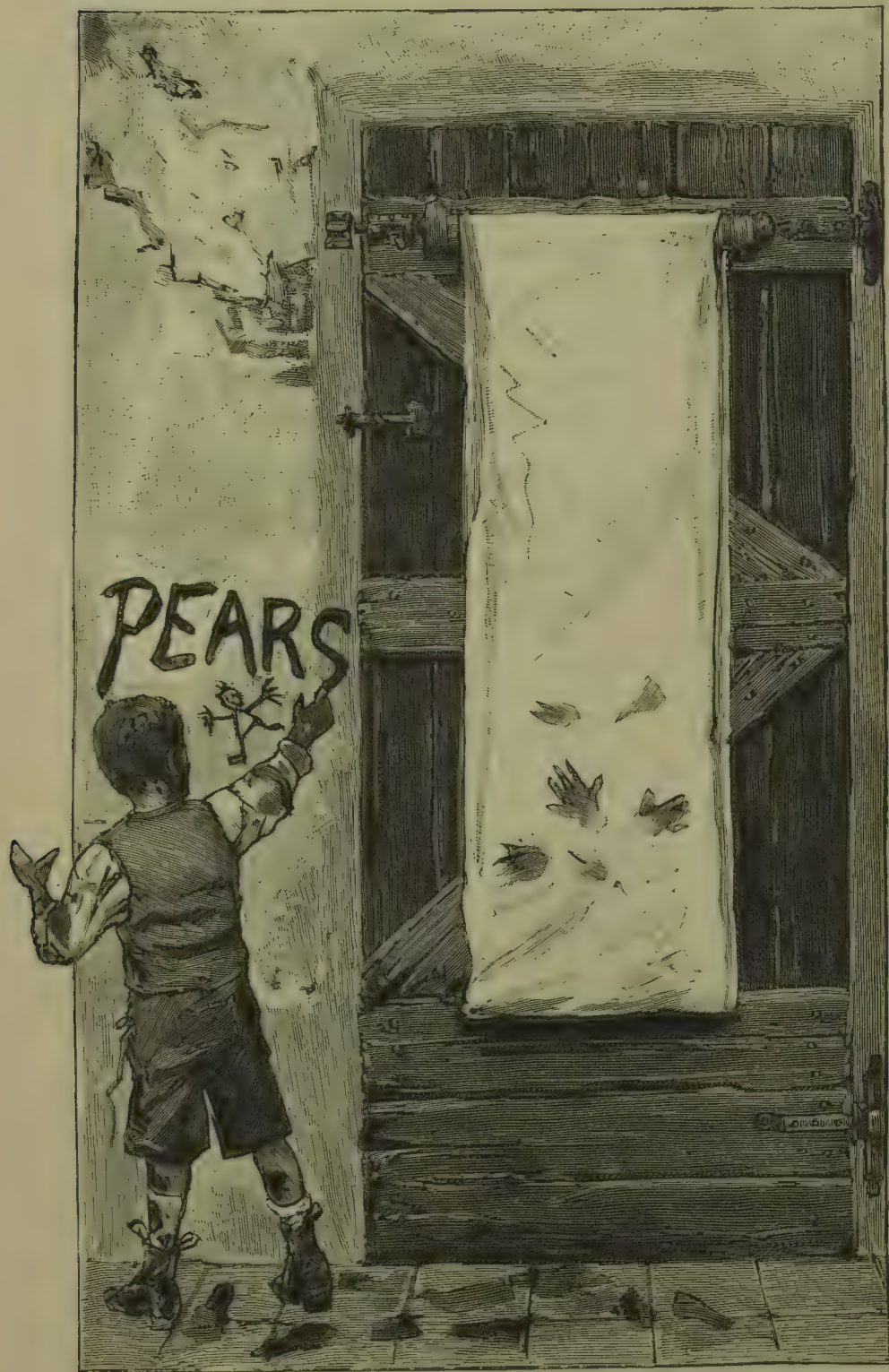
Colonel Arthur Henry Wavell, lately Assistant Adjutant-General, Dublin District, on Jan. 16, at 147, Buckingham Palace-road, aged fifty-four. He was the eldest son of the late Major-General Wavell, K.F., K.C.S., and entered the 41st Regiment, from which he retired a few years ago.

Mr. Alexander Johnston, historical painter, on Jan. 31. Born at Edinburgh in 1813, he was an artist of recognised talent, though not elected to the Royal Academy. One of his pictures is in the Vernon Collection at South Kensington. His designs illustrative of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" are widely known from published engravings.

Mr. Philip Stapleton Humberston, formerly M.P. for the City of Chester, on Jan. 16, at Glan-y-wern, near Denbigh, aged seventy-eight. He was Honorary Colonel 2nd Volunteer Battalion Cheshire Regiment, a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Cheshire and Denbighshire, serving as High Sheriff for the former county in 1878, and was M.P., representing the City of Chester in Parliament as a Conservative, 1859 to 1865. He married, in 1840, Elizabeth, half-sister of Mr. Hughes of Kinmel Park, Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire.

His Honour Thomas Paul Lefroy, Q.C. and Benchet of the King's Inn, second son of the late Right Hon. Thomas Langlois Lefroy, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, on Jan. 29. He was County Court Judge of the county of Down. He was born in 1806, called to the Bar in 1831, made Q.C. in 1852, and appointed in 1858 Chairman of the county of Kildare, when he was transferred to the County Court of Armagh, which he afterwards changed for the county of Down. He married, in 1835, Hon. Elizabeth Massy, daughter of the third Lord Massy, and leaves issue.

Surgeon-Major (retired) Edward John Waring, M.D., C.I.E., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., on Jan. 22, at Clifton-gardens, aged seventy-one. He was born in 1819, and entered the Madras Medical Service in 1849. He served in the Burmese War, 1851-2, for which he had a medal; was residuary surgeon at Travancore



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in 1853. He edited "Pharmacopoeia of India," and was author of a "Manual of Practical Therapeutics," "Bibliotheca Therapeutica," and other works. He married, in 1847, Caroline Anne, daughter of Mr. W. Day of Hadlow, and was left a widower in 1874. The decoration of Companion of the Indian Empire was conferred on him in 1881.

The Hon. Hedley Vicars Strutt, formerly Lieutenant Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment, youngest son of the second Lord Rayleigh, by Clara Elizabeth La Touche, his wife, daughter of Captain Vicars, R.E., suddenly, on Jan. 22, aged twenty-six.

Mr. Edward Bosanquet, son of the well-known banker, on Jan. 31, from the effects of a rattlesnake-bite while out shooting near Daytona, Florida. Mr. Evelyn Walker, who was with Mr. Bosanquet, immediately applied his mouth to the wound, and endeavoured to suck out the poison. Then, having tightly bandaged the wound, Mr. Walker raised his friend upon his shoulder and carried him to Daytona. Mr. Bosanquet, however, died two days later, in great agony.

Miss Maria C. Chattaway (who, with her sister, was for upwards of twenty years custodian of Shakspeare's birthplace), at Stratford-on-Avon, in her seventy-eighth year. The small pension which had been granted to the Misses Chattaway is to be continued to the surviving sister.

"TURNER'S RICHMONDSHIRE."

All who care for line engraving will welcome the renaissance in so perfect a shape of this series of Turner's drawings.* The original volumes in which the Richmondshire views are to be found are far out of the reach of all but the most wealthy—and, speaking on behalf of more modest collectors, we fear that the present very limited reissue will not practically make Turner's drawings more accessible. The engravings, which accompanied Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire," were originally issued in 1823; but it would seem from the dates given that Turner furnished the drawings at various dates; the view of Richmond, which appears second in order in the present volume, having been first entrusted to W. R. Smith. The view of the Cumberland Mountains, as seen from Heysham—one of the most poetic scenes in the book, as well as one of the most successful—was assigned to the same engraver. The last of the series was the wood-embowered Wycliffe, near Rokeby, the home of the family of which the "morning star of the Reformation" was a member. The drawing of this Tees-side village was engraved by John Pye, by far the most intelligent and most sympathetic

*Turner's Richmondshire. With Descriptions by Mrs. Alfred Hunt and an Introduction by Marcus B. Hulsh. (J. S. Virtue and Co., 1891.)

of Turner's translators, as will be seen by his treatment of drawings of "Hardraw Fall" and the "Junction of the Tees and Greta." As one looks through this sumptuous volume one cannot but be struck at the isolation of Turner's work, and of his immeasurable superiority in the treatment of atmosphere and distance. In such views as those of "Easby Abbey," of "Merrick Abbey," one of the departed glories of Swaledale, and "Simmer Water," in the less known valley of Raydale, we find Turner mastering, apparently without an effort, effects which modern landscape artists toil after in vain.

As a critic of the technical merit of each engraver's work, Mr. Huish speaks with an authority which none will gainsay, and Mrs. Alfred Hunt's bright and brief descriptions of the various spots illustrated show that she inherits and retains that appreciation of Richmondshire which made her father, Canon Raine, the arbiter of the scenes Turner should be commissioned to paint. Mrs. Alfred Hunt, however, might with advantage have brought her account of Aske Hall down to more recent times, and told us how it was, comparatively a few years before Turner, the hall, with all its wide estates, had, in a single night, passed from the Darcys, whose coat-of-arms still surmounts the hall door, into the hands of the lucky Commissary Dundas, who thereby founded the fortunes of the house of Zetland.

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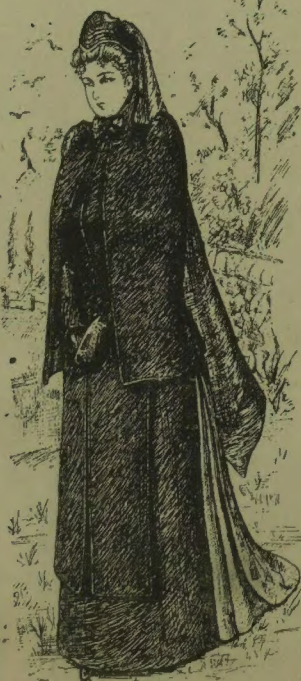
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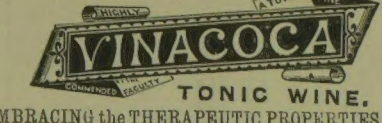
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I was born in the woods, where the checkered
Lends a charm to every bower; [shade
Where the song of birds blends perfectly
With the fragrance of the flower.

I live in the homes of rich and poor—
I live to do them good,
I cleanse; I heal; and I perfume with
The odours of the wood.

And clean and sweet is the path I leave
Wherever my feet may tread;
And thousands of those I bless, rain down
Benedictions on my head!

A FINE THING FOR THE TEETH.

Fragrant **SOZODONT** is a fluid composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth or gums. Its embalming or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance make it a toilet luxury. **SOZODONT** removes all disagreeable odours from the breath, caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely free from the injurious and acrid properties of tooth pastes and powders, which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months. Of all Chemists, price 2s. 6d.

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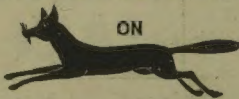
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S. FOX & CO LIMITED and  are plainly marked on one STRETCHER or RIB of every frame they manufacture, together with one or more of their other trade marks according to the kind of frame; for example—



N.B.—The stretchers of an Umbrella are the wires that connect the middle of the Ribs to the Stick.

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"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be." Lancet.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In Capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Every where.

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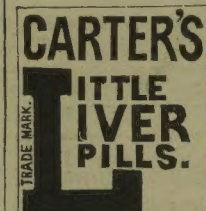
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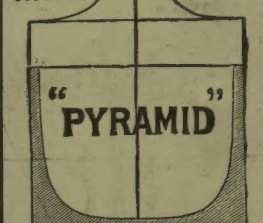
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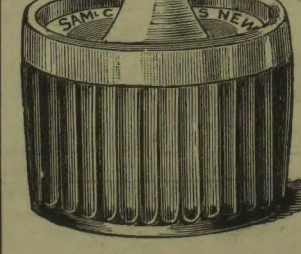
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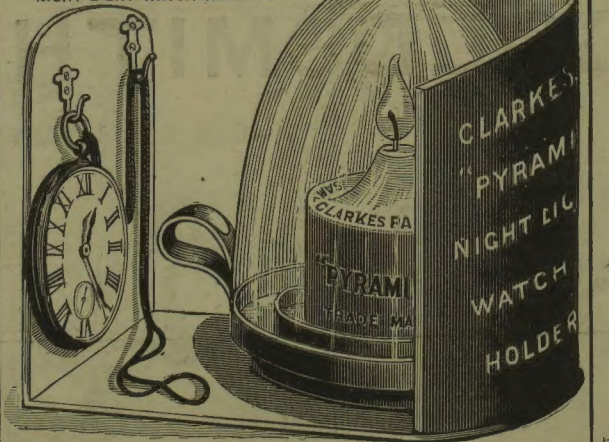
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